The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Lausanne's Bitter Pill

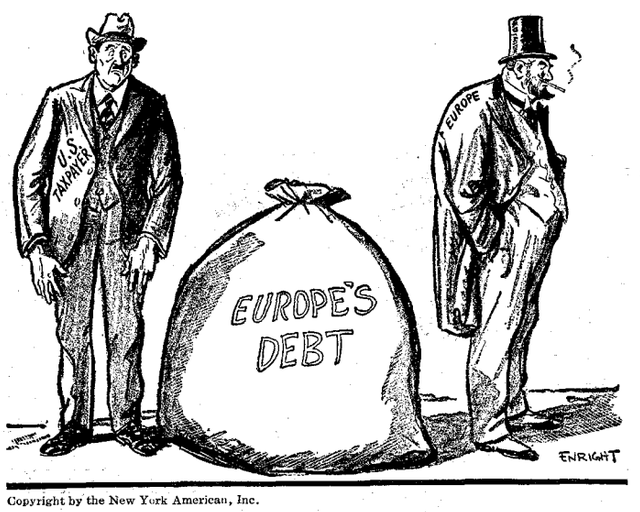
FIRST THE SUGAR-COATING—then the bitter pill. Glad tidings are cabled from Lausanne that the Reparations Conference, on July 9, has solved the reparations problem for all time by agreeing on the final payment by Germany of $714,000,000, or about one cent on the dollar of the original amount stipulated in June, 1920.

Carols of joy ring out in the editorial columns of American dailies.

"The war is over!" gleefully shouted these editors, figuratively dancing on the village green. "Europe has come to an agreement at last—a new era begins!"

Then came the bitter pill. A "gentlemen's agreement" among the so-called creditor Powers, promising that the Lausanne bargain will not be ratified "until a satisfactory settlement has been reached between them and their own creditors," comes over the cables.

As if further to force this country to drastic revision of the war debts, on July 14 came the news of a new Anglo-French accord, with an invitation to other European nations to join. This entente is looked upon as the first step to a "united European front."



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Wonder Who Will Carry the Bag?

—Enright in the New York "American."

Despite the denial of the British Foreign Secretary, this move is interpreted by certain American dailies as an attempt to form a solid barrier against the United States—a "League of Debtors" to speed up cancelation.

This sends public indignation up, up, to the boiling-point. Senators rage at its implication; Congressmen reiterate their opposition to debt cancelation.

A POLL of the members of the Senate and the House, undertaken by Universal Service for the Hearst newspapers, indicates that "out of 285 members of the House contacted, 258 opposed cancelation, and 27 were non-committal. Seventy-nine Senators —39 Democrats, 39 Republicans, and one Farmer-Laborite—opposed cancelation. Four Senators were non-committal, and twelve Senators were absent and unpolled."

"An international affront to the United States"—so the secret agreement seems to Senators interviewed by Washington correspondents. According to the New York *Times* (Ind.), this secrecy has aroused a spirit of hostility in members of Congress. Secretary of State Stimson denied any preliminary information concerning this bit of diplomatic strategy, or that representatives or foreign envoys "had sounded out the American Government concerning its willingness to make debt concessions."

To Senator Smoot (Rep.), chairman of the Finance Committee and member of the Debt Commission, the secret agreement appeared as evidence of bad faith and an attempt to "club" the United States into paying Europe's war debt. As quoted in *The Times:*

"This kind of diplomacy is not popular in the United States, and its insidious attempt to force us to cancel the debt will fail.

"Instead of being persuasive, the effect will be to make the United States rigidly resist even the granting of a further moratorium. In my opinion, Europe has overstept good taste in this instance. The door has been closed to revision."

Senator Fess (Rep.) was equally aroused over the secret agreement, *The Times* reports. He said:

"The secret agreement has ended all hope that the United States will reconsider the capacity of the debtor nations to pay. We have been more than generous to most of our debtors, and in justice to ourselves can not afford to make any further reduction in the debt of most of them."

OTHER vehement expressions of indignation are reported in the New York *American.* Senator McKellar (Dem.), of Tennessee, offered a resolution calling upon the State Department to inform the Senate whether this Government had exprest any willingness to consider further reduction of the debts. He said:

"The facts in the matter call for an immediate explanation from the President. For it is inconceivable that our former allies would have such an agreement without having some assurances from Mr. Hoover that the debts would be canceled."

Senator Watson, Republican leader of the Senate, asserted:

"We are not going to revise or cancel the debts, no matter what agreements or promises were made at Lausanne.

"I do not believe any American Congress will ever revise or reduce those debts."

Despite this downright opposition, the movement for revision, it is predicted, will gain momentum after the Presidential election in November.

First let us take the temperature of the seething indignation

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that boils up in a large and representative section of our press from coast to coast. This anger bursts into eloquent expression in dailies of every shade of opinion—Democratic, Republican, and independent.

Suspicious from the beginning of the negotiations at Lausanne, the Boston *Globe* (Ind.) interprets the "gentlemen's agreement" as indicating that the entire pact "is made dependent upon action by the United States granting European signatories of this treaty cuts in the debts they owe her commensurate with the slash they propose in reparations." But even worse:

"The United States, by this 'gentlemen's agreement,' is to be placed on the spot: a deliberate maneuver is executed to throw upon her the full onus for European failure to settle the reparations question (a purely European issue), and the way is cleared to picture America as the dog in the international manger, stupidly preventing world recovery."

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Why Not Get Rid of the Hardware First?

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

"If the war debts are canceled," insists the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.), "reparations payments to the Allies will be made by us." Stripping the proposal of all non-essentials, this daily claims, "the borrowers wish to collect to the extent of $11,999,999,999 from the American people, who were their associates in the war, and aided them in winning it."

POWERFUL organ of the Middle West, the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.), warns its readers against a new flood of "rhetoric" about "international interdependence" and "reconciliation," "which is only too likely to impress the ingenuousness and generosity of the American nature while serving to dim the sharp outline of profitable bargaining." After reviewing in detail the financial and territorial spoils wrested by the victors, *The Tribune* grimly concludes:

"They have made peace and recovery impossible, and are the chief cause of the disaster from which we are now called upon with contempt and rebuke to rescue Europe.

"The ruin of a war we did not make, the worse ruin of a peace we would not sign or support, it has been proposed the American people shall pay for."

Equally keen is the resentment of the Washington *Post* (Ind.). Like many another conservative daily, it denounces the "gentlemen's agreement" as trickery, and refuses to believe that American citizens will consent to take over additional burdens in behalf of Europe, "primarily to assist Wall Street to sell more European bonds. No political party or governmental authority dares to sponsor this proposition."

In similar smarting vein the sophisticated New York *Sun* (Ind.) denounces "this bit of international horse-trading":

"The agreement in effect seeks to make of the United States a whipping-boy for all of Europe's blunders.

"It is not that, however, which is most likely to stir American resentment. What hurts is that, having decided upon their course, the signatory Powers should have gone so clumsily and ineptly about it.

"Unless the United States forgives the debts of these Powers, they declare their intention of calling off all bets and going on as before the Hoover moratorium.

"Having uttered noble words at Lausanne, they now say those words don't go unless the United States stands the whole cost."

Variations of these denunciations might be multiplied a hundredfold. We hasten past the broadside issued by William Randolph Hearst, who has lost no time in mobilizing his serried ranks of editors, reporters, cartoonists, and special writers like Mr. Claude Bowers of the New York *Evening Journal*, to proceed at full tilt against cancelationists and revisionists. The anger of these and other scattered voices boils over. All say they feel tricked and deceived by the sugar-coating that preceded the bitter disillusion.

UNRUFFLED, urbane, cool as a cucumber, and not the least bit hot under the collar remains a not inconsiderate section of the American press. It accepts revision as inevitable and desirable.

"You can't get blood from a turnip!" sums up the resigned spirit evident in some of these dailies, which bow to what they consider the inevitable. "The United States may have to do it," confesses the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), "for the simple reason that the United States can not afford to do anything else."

"We can do no less than they have done to end the impossible situation," concludes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.). The Baltimore *Sun* jeers at the restricted intelligence of those Senators who "ignore the already demonstrated catastrophe to America from the financial arrangements up to now."

"They congratulate Europe on wiping out its burden of debt, but see nothing but gloom in the prospect of a similar solution for us.

"Most people are tired of this wrangling over non-collectible debts, which have proved as much a burden to America as to her debtors."

No secret trick was the "gentlemen's agreement," protests the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind. Rep.), but the inevitable and legitimate outgrowth of the Hoover-Laval conversation of October, 1931, with its declaration that "in so far as intergovernmental obligations [*i. e.* reparations as well as debts] are concerned, we recognize that prior to the expiration of the Hoover year of postponement some agreement regarding them may be necessary covering the period of business depression. . . . The initiative in this matter should be taken at an early date by the European Powers principally concerned."

There is no question of cancelation, insists this New York daily, but only "alteration in the terms of the debts." And it finds great benefits to be derived from such revision:

"The advantages, to the United States, of converting the sixty-two-year Allied annuities into a similar lump-sum payment would be enormous.

"To get such a conversion, however, we would undoubtedly have to reduce the principal to a level which our debtors would be able to meet through a single bond issue.

"That, considering all the circumstances, including the incalculables of the future, would be a fair trade.

"It would be a fair trade in the sense that both creditor and debtors would derive more real benefit from it than from any other possible outcome.

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"It certainly would not be cancelation. It would be a voluntary surrender of a long-term series of payments for cash in hand, something that shrewd creditors do every day in the week, especially at a time like the present."

How would this Lausanne treaty affect the American taxpayer, if it is ratified and put into effect? A dispatch to the New York *Mirror* from Washington estimates:

"It would cost the American taxpayers approximately $252,000,000 a year for the next fifty years if the United States were to agree to flat cancelation of the European debts to us, or $230,000,000 for fifty years to accept reorganization on the same scale that German reparations were reduced."

No less than $8,201,314,550 is outstanding in Liberty Bonds, announces the New York *Times* (Ind.). These were issued to aid the Allies and finance our troops in the World War.

European editorial opinion cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST is presented on page 10 of this issue.

The "Georgia Cyclone" for President

AFTER CHARACTERIZING THE WET-DRY plank in the Republican platform as "the most stupendous, titanic, colossal, calamitous, crimson, conscienceless, barbaric, and cataclysmic fraud ever perpetrated upon the people," the Prohibition party, in convention in Indianapolis, entered the Presidential race on July 7 with a ticket headed by William D. Upshaw, "the Georgia Cyclone."

His Vice-Presidential running mate is Frank S. Regan, of Illinois.

And Mr. Upshaw accepts his nomination provisionally, pledging himself to withdraw if a stronger candidate—Senator Borah, for instance—can be persuaded to supersede him.

Approached previously to learn whether he would accept the Prohibition nomination, Mr. Borah, according to press reports, declined, saying that "such a call should come, if at all, from a great united uprising of the people to be exprest at a subsequent convention representing the united moral forces of the nation."

Altho former Representative Upshaw has long ago won his spurs as a dry crusader, both as a lecturer and during his four terms in Congress, he has not before been officially affiliated with the Prohibition party. He is sixty-six years old. As a young man he overcame severe physical handicaps to become "the Georgia Cyclone." An Associated Press dispatch from Atlanta to the New York *Times* gives us these interesting facts:

"As a boy he fell from a wagon while working on a farm and received a spinal injury which kept him bedridden for seven years. During that time he wrote a volume of inspirational and religious sketches and poems.

"From proceeds of the sale of the book, 'Echoes From a Recluse,' and from returns on platform lectures he entered Mercer University at Macon at the age of thirty-one. For years he delivered his lectures from a wheel-chair."

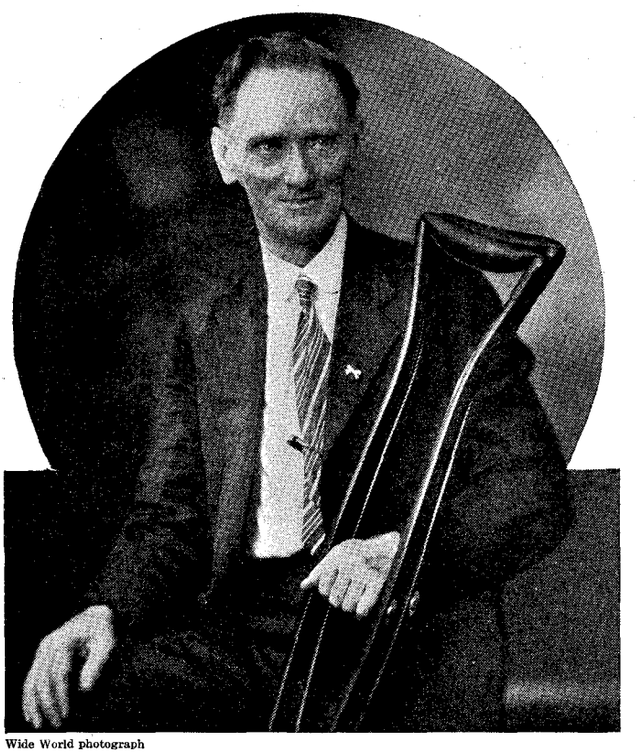
OTHER correspondents remind us that the Prohibition party, born in 1869, had its first Presidential ticket in the field in 1872, and has entered the race regularly ever since, despite the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. This year, with neither of the old party platforms satisfactory to the extreme drys, suggests the Kansas City *Star*, the Prohibition party probably hopes for unusual support at the polls. Polling 5,000 votes in 1872, the party made steady gains for twenty years, showing its greatest voting strength, 262,000, in 1892. Since then it has never done so well, and in the last Presidential election its candidate only received 20,000 votes.

"The Prohibition party has a better opportunity than in past years," thinks the dry Raleigh *News and Observer*, Josephus Daniels's paper. But it adds:

"It is not probable, however, that the ablest Prohibition leaders will back the Upshaw ticket. They will rather exert their strength to elect dry Congressmen and hold their fire until the question comes up in the State conventions, then they will fight with old-time vigor to carry enough States to prevent the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

AND in William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette* we read:

"The Prohibition third party before Prohibition never had the slightest effect upon the realities of the Prohibition movement. And now the third party will have no effect upon Prohibition one way or the other.



Wide World photograph

The Temperance Tornado

Former Representative William D. Upshaw, of Georgia

"It is a cold, disillusioning, and somewhat politically embarrassing thing to say, but as Prohibition stands now, it is not and can never be a party question. It is a biparty question. And this because no party since the beginning of our Government ever at any one time has had a two-thirds majority in both Houses of Congress. It takes a two-thirds majority to submit a Constitutional amendment."

STILL another dry paper, the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*, has this to say:

"There have been two theories in fighting for elimination of liquor by law. One is that of the Prohibition party, which has built its organization around this central issue. The other is the method of the Anti-Saloon League and similar organizations, which have eliminated partizanship and have labored for the election of dry candidates. Needless to say the Prohibition party has exercised a minor and the Anti-Saloon League a weighty influence in bringing about actual legislation. Of Mr. Upshaw's intense belief in Prohibition there can be no question. His voice will be unwavering in defense of the Constitution and the Volstead Law, but from the standpoint of practical politics, if he and his followers would cast their votes for known dry candidates, they would be doing their cause a better service. Nothing would please the enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment more than to have the dry votes gathered behind a Prohibition party candidate and thrown away."

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Politics in the Relief Fight

WEEKS OF PULLING AND HAULING in Washington over Federal relief, and the entire fight nothing but one big political tug of war.

That's the way editors and correspondents are now describing the long series of statements and counter-statements from White House and Capitol, from Republican President and Democratic Speaker and Vice-Presidential candidate.

Despite all the protestations of cooperation and patriotism, the relief controversy soon degenerated into a political row, writes David Lawrence. It is just the kind of thing that might have been expected, observes the New Haven *Register*, "from letting the session run into the campaign season." And the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* looks upon the heated exchanges of the

What a Life!
—Talburt in the Washington "News."

relief controversy as the definite opening of the Presidential campaign, "Mr. Hoover having strengthened himself with the conservative element, and Speaker Garner having rung the changes in true Bryanesque style on behalf of the individual."

THE real line of cleavage between the two parties became clearly marked in the way Hoover and his supporters cried out against "demagogery" and "pork barrels" and raids on the Treasury, and in the way Garner and his friends accused the President of favoring class legislation and forgetting the masses and looking after the interests of the big bankers, as Frank R. Kent sees it. He writes in the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Party regularity will keep most of the political figures behind their respective tickets and keep, too, most of the heavily Republican and Democratic States Republican or Democratic.

"But the Hoover ticket is as clearly the conservative ticket as the Democratic ticket is radical, or liberal, or progressive, according to the name preferred.

"This means, of course, that Hoover and Curtis should be stronger in the conservative and industrial East; Roosevelt and Garner stronger in the agricultural South and West. It gives the fight that sectional flavor so accurately forecast by the preconvention Roosevelt campaign and in the convention.

"It is an interesting situation because the conservative business interests, now inclined toward Hoover, had—and have—no real liking for him. They were mostly set to go Democratic this time. They would have solidly swung back of Young, Ritchie, or Baker.

"Roosevelt was the one available Democrat they did not want. The linking of him with Garner added to their distaste.

"It seems now a question of whether the trend in the country is conservative or radical. In a time of unemployment and distress and because of desire for a change, the Democrats have placed their bet; it is in one direction.

"The Republicans' hope is that the desire for stability and disinclination to experiment will be strong enough to keep it in the other."

OF course, the legislative contest had to end in some sort of compromise, in order to keep Congress from being in session all summer. And the main points of the compromise with the events leading up to it will be noted a little further on.

In the meantime it is interesting to see the way in which the press rallied behind Garner on the one hand and President Hoover on the other.

In the Speaker's own State the Houston *Chronicle* called upon the country to "stand by Garner!" It declared that the Speaker had "shown courage in his stand, as well as vision and sympathy for the people." In his attempt to broaden the relief plan so that small businesses as well as banks and railroads could borrow from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Speaker Garner was simply "waging the people's fight," declares the Winston-Salem *Journal*. The Hearst papers berate Congress for yielding to the President and dropping the Garner idea out of the relief bill. To quote an editorial appearing in these papers:

"An Administration which has squandered thousands of millions of dollars in questionable loans of public funds to a 'select clientèle' of selfishly and dubiously managed banks and railroads, becomes especially alarmed when it is proposed to widen the circle of beneficiaries of public generosity.

"The sacrifice in the conference of the all-too-inadequate authorization for job-creating public works in the Garner-Wagner bill is a costly blunder, measured in terms not only of human suffering, but of national depression in the months that lie ahead.

"It means that the National Legislature, to which not only the 10,000,000 unemployed but the whole nation looked for constructive aid, is to be asked to follow the gospel of hesitation and negation, indifference and incompetence, which President Hoover in 1932 has substituted at the behest of the bankers for the sound doctrine of accelerating public works for the public benefit in time of subnormal business, which he himself as Secretary of Commerce advocated so fervently in 1923 and in subsequent years.

"Make no mistake about the meaning of this ignoble compromise. It means that in time of maximum depression and unemployment, the wise economic plan once advocated by Mr. Hoover himself that public works be expanded in times of depression will be utterly abandoned.

"Since, therefore, a reactionary and dully obstinate President is determined to oppose all efforts to relieve the depression, the selection and substitution of a liberal and progressive Executive becomes absolutely necessary to lead in the rebuilding of American prosperity."

BUT on a numerical count, President Hoover would seem to have the stronger newspaper support. It is not sectional. "Between President Hoover and Speaker Garner the issue on the relief of the unemployed is common sense vs. sentiment," says the Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.) on the Pacific coast. "The President is dead right in the long run, and the intelligence of the country finally will come to his way of thinking," declares the Emporia *Gazette* (Rep.), in the State which boasts the national geographic center. And in the East the Troy *Record* (Rep.) hailed the Presidential veto of the Garner idea as proof that President Hoover "does not risk civilization on wild, radical, and fantasmic panaceas devised by cheap politicians." In the financial center the New York *Journal of Commerce* simply declares that the President has earned the gratitude of the country by holding so firmly to his position.

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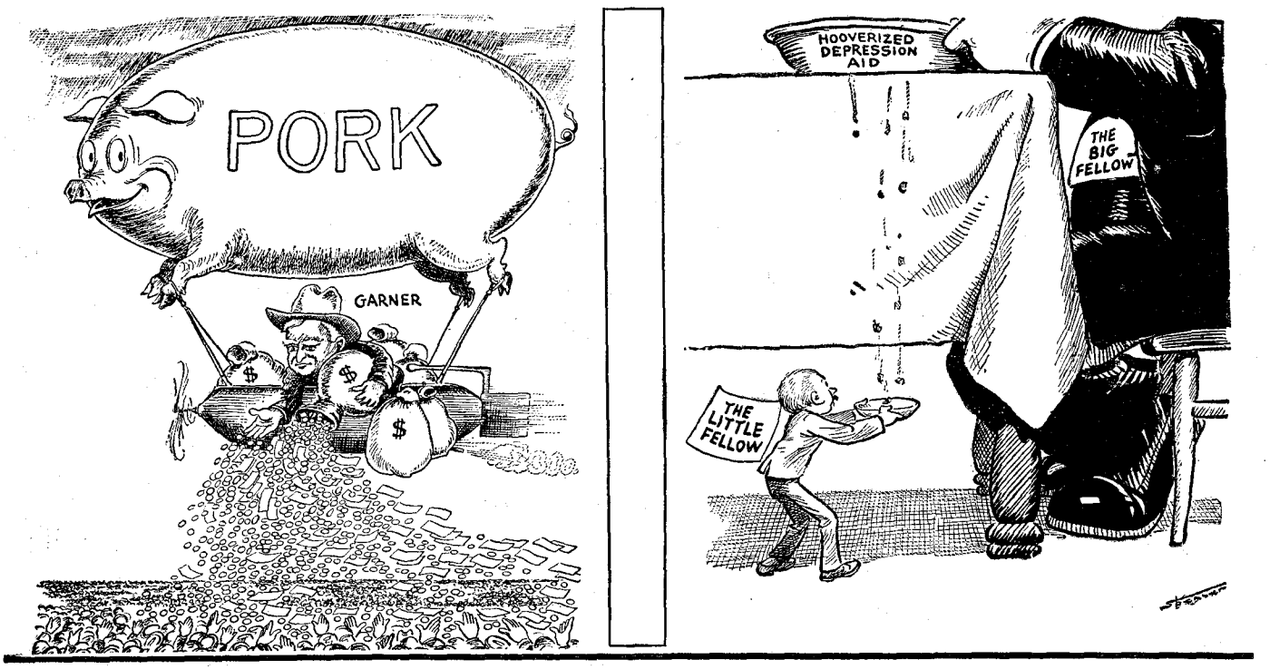

Garner's Imaginary Flight
—Chaseber in the Washington "Post."

Nothing Else Left for Him to Do
—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

SLAM AND COUNTER-SLAM

"Politics shouldn't enter into this question," declares the Democratic Boston *Post:*

"It's purely a question of sound finance. And the President has the correct idea.

"The Garner plan could lead only to disaster."

Of course, Republican papers make the most of it. The Manchester *Union* finds here "a preliminary test between Democratic theories and Republican, from which approbation of the thinking public will all be found on the Republican side." The net result of Mr. Garner's adventure as seen by the Washington *Post*—independent, but friendly to the Administration—"is keen humiliation for him, greatly damaged prestige as a law maker, and a narrow escape from being repudiated by his party."

Putting together Mr. Hoover's veto message and other statements during the relief controversy with the defense of the Administration in the Boston speech of Secretary Mills the other night, the New York *Herald Tribune* says: "The two leave Mr. Garner sputtering helplessly on his soap-box while Governor Roosevelt smilingly flees the hopeless task of squaring Democratic performance with Democratic promise."

And the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) prints on its front page an editorial concluding with these strong words:

"This is not the first nor the tenth time that President Hoover has, single-handed, prevented assaults on the solvency of the American Government which could easily have transferred this depression into a collapse. At least two of these menaces have come from Speaker Garner personally, and all the rest were backed by a large share of his party colleagues in Congress. Do the American people want to risk a situation in which only the health of one none-too-robust man would stand between them and this irresponsible demagog as President?

"This is the challenge, forced by Speaker Garner himself."

Well, remarks David Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "the sight of two political titans struggling for advantage is not new, but the principle underlying the rival viewpoints is decidedly new, and a product of the emergency thinking which the depression has produced." In other words, "it is a clash between those who think government credit is inexhaustible and those who think capital will never come out of its hiding place so long as unsound proposals are translated into legislation."

It is simply "Main Street vs. Wall Street," as the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) sees it. That is, "it is the question of how far the Federal Government will have to step into the domain of Wall Street in order to save the social structure of Main Street."

It has been a long struggle—this relief controversy. Early this spring the Democrats evolved a plan for a big Federal public works bond issue—a billion or so—to be combined with a direct unemployment relief fund and aid for the farmers. It became generally acknowledged that it was a task for the R. F. C. Senator Wagner formulated a program for the Senate Democrats. The President outlined a twelve-point program of his own. Then Speaker Garner came to bat at the end of May with the relief bill which included a list of individual public works scattered over the country. President Hoover promptly denounced this as "the most gigantic pork barrel ever proposed to the American Congress."

But the House passed the Garner bill on the seventh of June and later the Senate passed the Wagner bill appropriating about the same sum—more than $2,000,000,000—for relief purposes. The conferees promptly came together to work out a compromise while President Hoover called attention to what he considered "pork-barrel" taints even in the Senate bill, and Senator Wagner gently retorted, "Hoover is again defying the light and the truth." The conferees devised a compromise thought to be fairly agreeable to the White House, but the President called several conferences and publicly called attention to one feature of the bill providing for loans to individuals, and said it made the Government into a "gigantic banking and pawn-broking business." This being a favorite idea of Garner's, the Speaker promptly accused the President of favoring "class legislation." Then both Houses adopted the conference report, the President vetoed it, and a new compromise bill was very rapidly prepared, which was passed by the Senate on the twelfth and by the House on the thirteenth.

This measure provides for R. F. C. loans to the States for immediate relief up to $300,000,000. It authorizes the R. F. C. to increase its capitalization so that it will be able to loan as much as $1,500,000,000 to States, municipalities, State agencies and semi-public agencies for self-liquidating public works. The bill also provides for spending $322,000,000 directly for public works.

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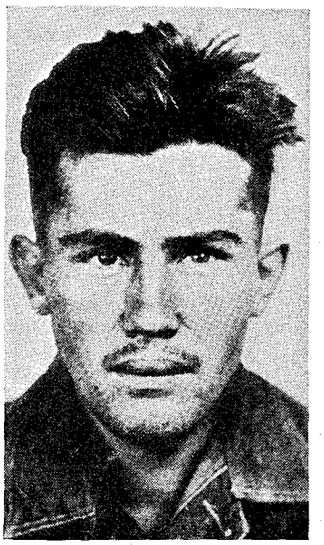
Florida's Own "Devil's Island"

"THAT CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK is not tight enough! He can still drink water."

But the guard of the Sunbeam convict road camp, near Jacksonville, Florida, was mistaken. For when they next opened the door of the "sweat-box," the sagging body showed that twenty-two-year-old Arthur Maillefert had died of strangulation.

They said that he had committed suicide.



Acme

"Sunbeam's" Victim

Arthur Maillefert, who strangled to death in the Sunbeam Camp "sweat-box."

According to William H. Gasque, chief investigator for the State's Attorney of Duval County, who tells his story in the New York *American*, here is what actually happened to young Maillefert:

"He was beaten, half-starved, forced to wear a 45-pound barrel for forty-eight hours before his death, placed in stocks that drew blood from his ankles, strapt into a sweat-box, and chained by his throat to the roof.

"It's a wonder he lived under that torture as long as he did.

"Capt. George W. Courson called in a number of guards and trusty convicts. They all said the captain had 'sure been good to the boy and did everything he could to help the boy.'

"The guards and favored convicts kept repeating the same story—that the boy had been well treated and had committed suicide. . . .

"I finally slipt away from the captain and his mouthpieces and found a prisoner who told me the boy was wearing stocks in violation of law when he was put into the sweat-box.

"The captain had said nothing about stocks, because the stocks smashed his story of how the boy died. With stocks on his feet, he couldn't stretch his body at a 45-degree angle. The stocks held him rigidly erect until he collapsed, and then the chain would strangle him.

"I found the stocks hidden in the brush near the sweat-box, where the prisoner told me the captain had thrown them when the boy's body was taken from the box.

"I realized then the captain's story wasn't true. These stocks were two half-inch boards, in which small holes had been cut, through which the youth's legs were thrust.

"Then the two boards were nailed to crosspieces in such a fashion that, after the boy was dead, the stocks had to be sawed from his body.

"I then procured a warrant charging Courson with second-degree murder. After arresting him, I talked with other convicts, not the trusties picked for me by Courson. The other convicts told me in Courson's presence that the guard, Solomon Higginbotham, was as much to blame for the boy's death as the guard captain.

"After hearing these accusations, I asked Higginbotham to come back to Jacksonville with me. On the way in, I secured another warrant charging him with second-degree murder.

"I firmly believe that boy was tortured to death."

THE world shudders at the tales of Devil's Island, at the horrifying stories of France's penal colony in Guiana, exclaims the Jacksonville *Journal*, courageously facing the facts revealed in the three days' hearing which resulted in the holding, under bond, of Capt. George Courson and Guard Solomon Higginbotham for trial. Under the title of "Our Own Devil's Island," *The Journal* demands:

"Is it possible that we have a Devil's Island of our own right here in Florida?

"How much torture is being administered to human beings in other Florida road camps?

"Florida has suffered before in the eyes of the world because of prison-camp horrors. It is time we became civilized."

To sharpen the stinging irony of the tragedy, Florida papers point out the "sweat-box" was legalized as a substitute for whipping convicts as late as 1925. A similar case, the death of a "leased" convict named Martin Tabert as a result of whipping (reported in THE LITERARY DIGEST, April 21, 1923) resulted in the abolition of the lash in Florida. Now, insists the Miami *Daily News*, the "sweat-box" must also go:

"The lash, the sweat-box, and the stocks! Symbols of a dark age Florida sought years ago to end by legislation still exist.

"Sunbeam Camp has been abandoned. The State should not rest until the last trace of the savagery it represents has been uprooted. Mere legislation has proved insufficient, but a people aroused by this latest outrage can not fail to enforce its decree."

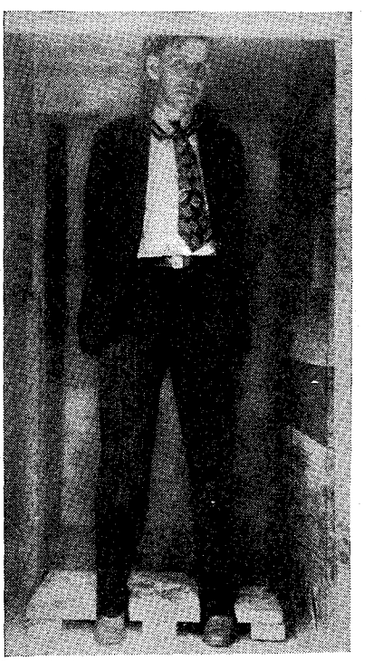
Refusing to gloss over the horror of the present case, the Miami *Herald* nevertheless asks the country at large to face the touchy problem of disciplining some 3,000 convicts:

"Under our present prison system the only punishment the authorities can mete out is incarceration in a sweat-box, which is everything the name implies.

"This sweat-box case may result in thousands of people not familiar with the true facts demanding that State prisoners be withdrawn from road work, and the sweat-box and every other corrective instrument banned.

"The public should not condemn the sweat-box too strongly without first inquiring into the kind of men who are set over the prisoners, men working for $55 to $60 a month.

"If our prison system is at fault in one particular, it also is at fault in the other. . Both have contributed to the Maillefert death."



International

In the "Sweat-Box"

County Detective W. H. Gasque photographed in the torture cell.

A Florida prison camp, adds the Tampa *Daily Times*, "can not be successfully conducted along the same lines as a women's missionary society; there must of necessity be strict discipline in a prison camp." Nevertheless, this daily refuses to condone brutality:

"The people of this State believe in proper punishment for those convicted of crime. They do not believe that barbarity should ever masquerade as proper punishment."

No less indignant is the Tampa *Tribune*, which insists that the "sweat-box" must be abolished:

"There is need of another outburst of public indignation and of further legislation prohibiting the use of the sweat-box. Florida must act as it did in the case of Martin Tabert ten years ago. The box must follow the lash into outlawry."

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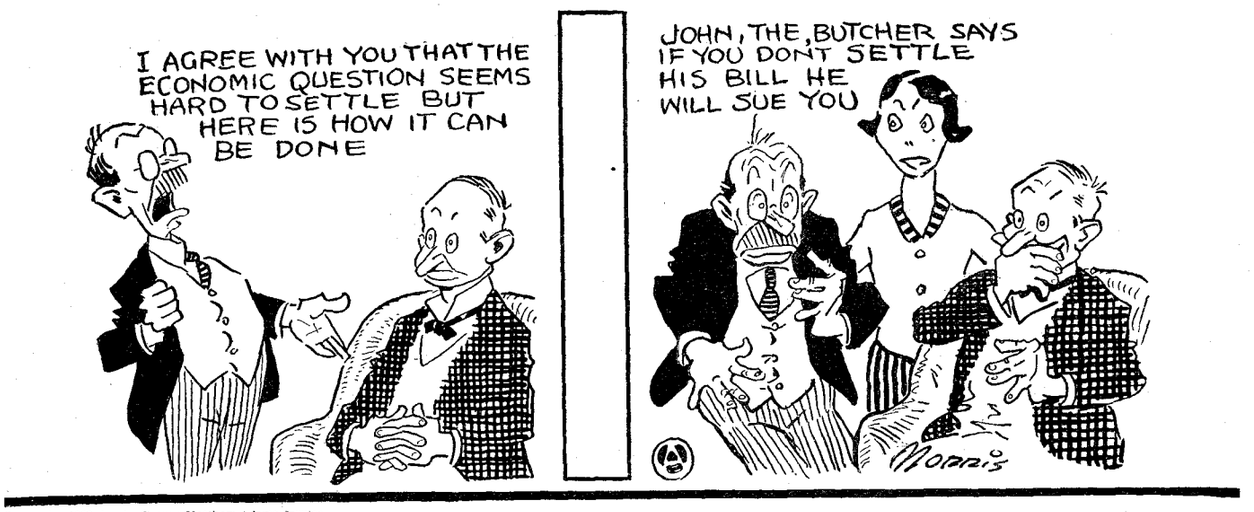
I AGREE WITH YOU THAT THE ECONOMIC QUESTION SEEMS HARD TO SETTLE BUT HERE IS HOW IT CAN BE DONE
JOHN, THE BUTCHER SAYS IF YOU DONT SETTLE HIS BILL HE WILL SUE YOU
MORRIS

Copyright, 1932, by the George Matthew Adams Service

Have You Met Him? The Big Problem Settler

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

CHEAP politicians aren't.—*New Bedford Times.*

IT'S all so simple—the way to end tight times is to loosen up. —*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE chief trouble seems to be that money thinks the Atlantic a one-way street.—*Sacramento Bee.*

IN other words, Uncle Sam must remit the debts because Europe can't remit the money.—*Peoria Star.*

A Spanish toreador is giving up bull-fighting to get married. Well, of course, he knows best.—*The Humorist (London).*

IF they aren't meek when they inherit the earth, they will be before they get the mortgage paid off.—*Birmingham News.*

ANOTHER great objection to war is the way it develops the habit of being on the government pay-roll.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

IF the size of the crisis is measured by the size of the leaders it calls forth, there's nothing to worry about.—*Brooklyn Times-Union.*

One optimistic correspondent says that Al Smith will eventually be back of the ticket. He doesn't say how far back.—*Boston Herald.*

NEW British automobile which can turn corners at the rate of seventy miles an hour is obviously not what prosperity is returning in.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE difference between a statesman and a politician is that the first is working for the public, while the second has the public working for him.—*Miami News.*

THE Supreme Court has twice refused to review Mr. Al Capone's pleas of innocence. Gangster fiction is not as popular as it used to be.—*San Diego Union.*

CONFIDENCE is the only prescription for the cure of hard times, declares a business doctor. Yes, and it must be about right for taking. It's been well shaken.—*Boston Herald.*

THE next time William Gibbs McAdoo proposes to bury a hatchet, Al Smith will probably inquire who has been selected as the candidate for the cemetery.—*Washington Post.*

SINCE the depression, says a report of a recent survey, more people are eating at home. Now all we need to be really optimistic is another report saying people are eating more at home.—*Boston Herald.*

THOUSANDS of empty bottles were found in the Chicago stadium after the Democratic convention adjourned. The explanation must be that the place wasn't cleaned up after the Republican convention the week before.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE forgotten man will not forget.—*Thomaston Times.*

IT'S Mr. Hoover who'll now have the job of trying to "stop Roosevelt."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"I was born a teetotaler," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Weren't we all?—*Thomaston Times.*

ANOTHER commodity that suffers as a result of its overproduction is people.—*Lincoln Star.*

THERE is a demand for an alternative designation for the New Poor. What about "Indigentry"?—*Punch (London).*

ANYWAY, we have outgrown the idea that anything less than a quarter is an insult instead of a tip.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THERE was no overplus of pathos in the G. O. P. convention, but at the same time there were few dry ayes.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Now that Russia has Yankee-built factories, she could build a lot of trucks and tractors if she had Yankee mechanics.—*Tucson Citizen.*

IT sounds sort of pessimistic to say that the campaign will now go to the country, if the country has gone where they say it has.—*Boston Herald.*

THE communistic system has one good point. Those supported by the Government must do something to earn what they get.—*Key West (Fla.) Citizen.*

AFTER all, it turned out happily, as D. M. points out, and "Frankie and Johnny" will have to be the Democratic theme song, after all.—*Kansas City Star.*

WE only hope that the increased price of hogs which is causing the Western farmer to rejoice indicates that the city man is again able to bring home the bacon.—*Boston Herald.*

RADIO reception has been found to be better underground than above. Here is the answer to the question, "Death, where is thy sting?"—*California Jewish Voice (Los Angeles).*

MR. MCADOO would "guarantee the farmer a minimum price for his wheat and cotton." And what does Mr. McAdoo call the price they are getting now?—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

POLICE report there have been fewer automobile thefts during the depression. Automobile thieves probably turn up their noses at the old buses most of us are driving.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

ARCHEOLOGISTS report that they have excavated the thumb of that million-year-old Peiping woman. Maybe if they look a little further they'll discover a million-year-old Peiping man under it.—*Boston Herald.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

How Europe Feels Now About Reparations

WHEN YOU TRY TO PLEASE EVERYBODY you displease everybody is the prevailing tone in some sections of the European press about the wind-up of the much-heralded Reparations Conference at Lausanne.

The feeling of disappointment became particularly acute when it transpired that the long-sought settlement of the key problem

A Canadian View

"It is unanimously decided by the chief bucket holders that, as the well has run dry and more water is unobtainable, they had better cease pumping."

—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

of Europe's entire economy was based on a so-called "gentlemen's agreement," which provides that the new arrangement of payments by Germany depends entirely on the attitude of the United States toward war debts.

THE complete text of the "gentlemen's agreement," signed privately by representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy, which conditions ratification of the German reparations settlement upon reduction of European war debts owed to the United States reads as follows:

"The Lausanne agreement will have final effect only after ratification by the creditor Powers as provided in the agreement. This ratification will not be effected until a satisfactory settlement has been reached between them and their own creditors. The creditor Powers will have an opportunity to explain the situation to their respective parliaments, but no reference to that must be made in the agreement with Germany.

"Consequently, if a satisfactory settlement is reached for debts, the creditor governments will ratify, and the agreement with Germany will then have its full effect. But if such a settlement is not obtained, the agreement with Germany will not be ratified and a new situation will arise and the interested governments will confer on what is to be done. In such an event, the legal position is that which existed before the Hoover moratorium.

"The German Government will be notified of this agreement."

This "gentlemen's agreement," as may be gathered from the opinions of the American press recorded on other pages of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, is said to leave Uncle Sam "holding the bag."

BUT if you look back at the Lausanne Conference on reparations, the "most amazing financial negotiation in all history," we find that the victors, who originally asked Germany to pay $63,822,000,000 have accepted Germany's promise to pay $714,000,000 or about one cent on the dollar of the sum originally demanded. As Harry Flory, a United Press staff correspondent of London, puts it:

"Thus died at Lausanne to-day the expectations engendered in the post-war hysteria of a golden German goose that would discharge golden eggs for three-score years and ten as a machine-gun fires bullets.

"The World War really ended at Lausanne to-day. It ended when Edouard Herriot, Premier of France, emerged beaming from the conference of statesmen and shouted:

"'It's done. It's done. It's done.'

"Then he seized a blond German woman and a brunette French one, both reporters covering the conference, hugged them to him and kissed them with fervor, while the crowd roared its approval."

Cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the press of France, England, and Germany, especially those from France, show keen apperception of the American mind about Lausanne. There is an evident feeling that the United States can not certainly be counted on to abandon the war debts, but a Left Wing Radical-Socialist newspaper, the Paris *Oeuvre*, gives perhaps the clearest idea of French puzzlement about Uncle Sam:

"There is no reasoning with an American, and there must be some reasoning after all. Can he imagine that what became apparent at Lausanne isn't true between Europe and the new continent—that transfers ruinous for European economy are less ruinous for American economy?"

That the United States must not expect to treat each debtor individually, but must accept the common front reached at Lausanne, is the declaration of a famous French editor, Stéphane Lauzanne, in the Paris *Matin*. He fears, like other French editors, that the United States, knowing of France's great gold deposits, will not cut France's debt as much as it will cut the debts of Italy, Belgium, and England.

The independent Paris *Temps*, reputed spokesman of the French Foreign Office, diplomatically remarks that "now that Lausanne has swept clean we can confidently approach the great problem of the Danubian States, and ask the United States what it intends to contribute toward the salvation of the world."

Strongly supporting the result of the Lausanne Conference, the Radical Left bloc *Ere Nouvelle* proclaims:

"The spirit of Lausanne is the spirit of reason. Hereafter if such a spirit persists, international relations will not be founded on passions and violence but on cold reasoning."

BUT thinking quite apart from the United States, some French editors show disappointment over the conference, because it yielded too much, as they contend, to Germany. For instance, the Nationalist *Journal des Débats* observes:

"The truth is that Germany, freed from reparations, will strengthen her situation in Europe and develop economically. Money troubles will seem small compared to the difficulties Germany next promises to the health of Europe."

"France is exploited like the son of a wealthy family ruined by his own elegance," says the Paris *Ordre* acidly, and equally pessi-

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mistic is the Paris *L'Intransigeant*, which feels that Germany is still the old Germany, and has not changed a whit:

"Herriot speaking at Lausanne asked von Papen to be good-willed, yet an hour later von Papen broadcast a speech shouting his own triumph, and proclaimed that Germany will continue to insist on equality of rights with all nations."

And now if you would like to hear some German dissatisfaction with the Lausanne conclusion, listen to the strongly Nationalistic Berlin *Deutsche Zeitung*, which flatly avers: "There is no reason for optimism. Von Papen (the German Chancellor) ought to have said 'No!'" While the rest of the world seems to think Germany is let off lightly, the Germans declare they ought not to be asked for another cent. The Catholic party organ *Germania*, remembered as respresenting the views of former Chancellor Bruening, is equally explicit: "We do not like this settlement. It can not well be described as progress."

An organ of the Nazis, Germany's National Socialist party, *Angriff*, finds the reparations settlement just all wrong:

"Von Papen's compromise was not alone a sign of weakness of a statesman who does not enjoy the support of the people at home, but also it was an absolutely unnecessary concession in view of Germany's inability to pay."

On the other hand, the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, organ of the Social-Democratic party, points out that von Papen, Germany's Chancellor, went to Lausanne to gain a victory for his "national concentration policy" and it tells us that "he returned with a nice success toward fulfilment of that policy." An independent Democratic newspaper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, shows a real sense of optimism:

"Lausanne is the end and the beginning. It is the end of economic discriminations which have led to commercial warfare, all against all. And it is the beginning of a new order for which at least a common basis has been found. What was begun at Lausanne must be carried forward at the Geneva disarmament conference and at the London economic conference."

Turning to editorials cabled from the British press to The Literary Digest, we meet the cheering remark of the Laborite *Daily Herald* that "the best news the world has known since November, 1918, is the final agreement about reparations." But, it adds, as if keeping in mind the American idea about disarmament in Europe, "the very difficult question of war debts remains," and the fact is strest that "Lausanne must be followed by substantial disarmament."

The achievement at Lausanne is a great thing, and is the beginning of greater things, says the independent Sunday *Observer*, which goes on:

"If the reparations are dead, the war debts will expire after them. After Lausanne there is more definite hope for Geneva, for effective cutting down of the mutual killing power of the nations. There is a new outlook for the practical success of the world economic conference.

"We always have faith in the ultimate cooperation of the American people. We are confident that the best forces in the United States will take a full hand in helping to create the new order."

Regardless of all skepticism aroused by the so-called "gentlemen's agreement," which pivots the reparations settlement on the stand of the United States toward war debts, the world-famous Liberal Manchester *Guardian* believes that what was done at Lausanne was done for keeps. It assures us:

"We must assume, in spite of all talk last week about gentlemen's agreements, that the Lausanne settlement will turn out to be final. Public opinion will take the view that whatever the gentlemen privately agreed to, however provisional in theory, the settlement of the war reparations is not only dead but damned."

Coffeeland Fights for Constitution

São Paulo, the bee under the Brazilian saddle, is stinging again.

The 1930 revolt in the South American Republic was started because such States as Rio Grande do Sul, Minas Geraes, and Parahyba resented the commercial and political dominance of São Paulo.

Now this great coffee-producing State has rebelled on its own account because under Provisional President Getulio Vargas, in power since 1930, it is reduced to a minor position in Brazilian affairs.

Facing the demand of the rebels for the restoration of constitutionalism, President Getulio Vargas was, in the opinion of some observers, in the unenviable position of a man "who has a bull by the tail."

British Irony

Uncle Sam: "Gosh! That's risky! I'm glad I'm not in that crew!"
—"News of the World" (London).

The United Press, especially well informed on South American matters, tells us that the Paulistas, as the men of São Paulo are known, were the prime power in Brazilian politics until the 1930 revolution. At that time the President was Washington Luis de Pereira de Sousa, a Paulista, elected in 1926. His just-elected successor—who never took office—was Julio Prestes, another Paulista. The revolution was started by three other States, jealous of Paulista power: Rio Grande do Sul, Minas Geraes, and Parahyba.

A cable poll conducted by The Literary Digest among Latin-American newspapers reveals reluctance to comment on the Brazilian situation. *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, however, says:

"The political parties participating in 1930 in the overthrow of President Washington Luis showed, from the start, an aversion to the excessive prolongation of the provisional Government, but while the United Front party contented itself with negotiations with the Federal Government, São Paulo protested with public meetings and processions showing the popular desire to return to a constitutional government. This desire was continuously strengthened by the steady decline in the economic situation, especially in the coffee trade, thus leading eventually to open revolt.

"Apart from its success or failure, the movement shows the necessity for Brazil to return to constitutional methods for the solution of problems with the collaboration and the responsibility of the people."

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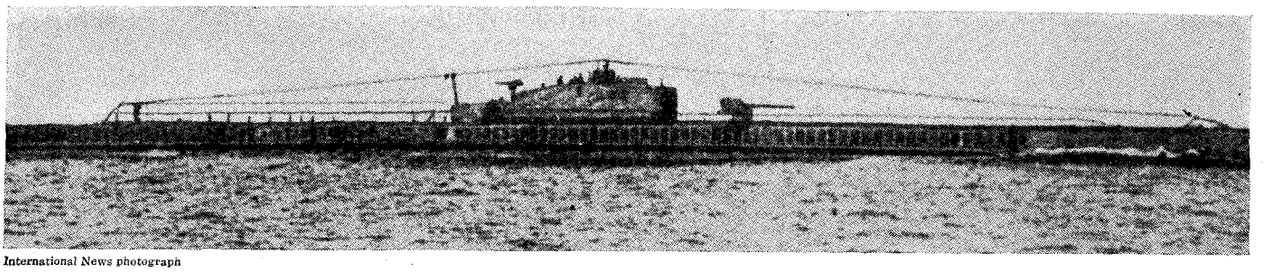

International News photograph

Deadly Not Only in War, but Also in Peace

Is the verdict of French and of English editors on the sinking of the French submarine "Promethee," a catastrophe they use as an argument for the abolition of all submarines.

France's Worst Submarine Disaster

THE SUBMARINE KILLS not only in war time, but also in peace, declare French editors in bitter comment on the sinking of the French submarine *Prométhée*, which carried sixty-two men to death on July 7.

It is a striking coincidence, both French and English observers point out, that the worst submarine disaster in French naval history should occur just when the suppression of submarines is under discussion at the Geneva Disarmament Conference.

The *Prométhée*, of 1,379 tons and one of the latest additions to France's undersea fleet, sank in the English Channel in 150 feet of water during trials seven miles off Jaubourg semaphore with a loss of sixty-two of the seventy persons on board. Jaubourg Point is a rocky promontory fifteen miles west of Cherbourg, facing the Channel Islands.

The Commander of the *Prométhée*, Lieut. Couespel du Mesnil, was on deck with two petty officers and four of the crew, when the submarine tilted and slipt beneath the waves. They managed to keep afloat by swimming or clinging to wreckage until picked up by a fishing-vessel which took them to Cherbourg.

The large number of casualties, we read in a wireless dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Cherbourg, was partly due to the fact that the submarine carried on her final trials seventeen workmen and engineers from the Cherbourg arsenal and the Schneider-Creusot munition works, where the *Prométhée* was built, to observe her performance. It is further related:

"Lieutenant du Mesnil said he was in his cabin when he heard a clamor on deck. Thinking a man had fallen overboard, he raced up the companionway. At that moment, he said, the ship seemed to sink under his feet and he was swept away by the water. He was unable to account for the accident.

"It is learned that the *Prométhée* recently had undergone extensive alterations of her machinery, which had been unsatisfactory on first trials. From the fact that the commander made no mention of an explosion, it is thought that a defect may have developed in the mechanism of the elevator fins, swinging them downward so as to sweep the ship under water before warning could be given to close the hatches.

"The *Prométhée*, a submarine of the first class, displaced 1,379 tons on the surface and 2,060 tons submerged. Launched in October, 1930, she was 302 feet long. Her speed was nineteen knots on the surface and ten knots submerged, and she was equipped to remain thirty days at sea.

"Her armament consisted of one 3.9-inch gun, one 37 mm. antiaircraft gun, one machine-gun, and eleven 21.7-inch torpedo tubes. She was powered by Sulzer Diesel engines developing 6,000 horse-power for surface travel and by two electric motors of 2,000 horse-power each undersea."

THE French Ministry of Marine, according to press cables, states that no "lungs" or other escape apparatus were aboard the *Prométhée*. This fact is deplored in editorials of the French press cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. What is more, the Royalist *Action Française* of Paris points out that:

"It is sufficiently scandalous that we had to call on foreign divers, because the French Navy has only one diving-suit for great depths, and that had to be brought to Cherbourg from Toulon.

"Whatever it costs, and even tho the vessel contains only corpses, the shell of the *Prométhée* should be raised so the cause of the catastrophe can be known."

AMONG other editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST we find the Communist *Humanité* remarking sarcastically that on the *Prométhée*, "as on all other submarines, everything, even the lives of the men, is sacrificed to the military value of such a vessel." The Socialist Paris *Populaire* expresses itself as follows:

"Coming at the precise moment that the suppression of submarines is being debated at Geneva, the frightful catastrophe of the *Prométhée* might impress superstitious souls as a manifestation of supernatural will. When sixty-two unfortunate men have just been entombed in a steel coffin fifty meters below the sea, how can we help recalling that submarines figure at the top of the plan for 'qualitative reduction of armaments by certain categories,' and how can we help deploring the delay in abolishing this atrocious means of killing? For the submarine kills not only in war time. It kills during peace."

Britain, too, has had its submarine tragedies in time of peace, which lend significance to British comment. The London *Morning Post* offers its sympathy to the relatives of the crew and to the French nation, and it adds that "the disaster of our own *M-2* is still so fresh in our minds that we are able to enter into their feelings with special intensity." That the Manchester *Guardian* is relentlessly opposed to submarines appears in its emphatic utterance on the sinking of the *Prométhée:*

"These rapidly recurrent disasters to giant submarines reenforce the case of which France is so impatient and Great Britain so urgent for mutual agreement to scrap this armament or reduce it to the smallest possible proportions.

"The plain fact is that in war the submarine dare not fight fairly, and even in peace it is a danger to its crew."

COMBINING its comment on the *Prométhée* catastrophe with remarks on Great Britain's disarmament proposals, the London *News-Chronicle* has this to say:

"The contrast between the dilatory leisureliness of diplomacy and the grim swiftness of disaster could scarcely be more starkly illustrated. So far as the submarines themselves are concerned the British proposals are sound enough, and perhaps this appalling business will incline even the French Government to look with more favor upon the abolition of these death-traps."

The undiminished spirit of adventure, to which most of the progress of the world is due, is what inspires men to undertake the perilous service of the submarines, says the London *Daily Telegraph*. Nevertheless, it would abolish such craft:

"The submarine service seems likely to remain for some time a hazardous sphere of duty, but in France no less than in Great Britain there have always been volunteers eager to undertake its dangers. That fact is one of the strongest proofs of the undiminished spirit of adventure to which most of the progress of the world is due.

"But while we pay tribute to this spirit, it is impossible not to see in these recurrent disasters a new argument for total abolition of the submarine as a weapon."

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Americans for the Metropolitan

MODERN ART IS GOING STRONG at the Metropolitan Museum.

"I do not know that this recent purchase means that we've got a very revolutionary policy," says Herbert E. Winlock, director of the Museum, to a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter.

The Museum has in the past often been accused of conservatism as regards native art, but the proceeds from the Hearn fund enable it to spread a rather wide net and gather in nine canvases by contemporary American painters.

"Not before," comments the above paper, "it is believed, has the Museum set to with so much vigor to provide recognition for living artists, nor accomplished this objective so generously."

"Deserving of special note," says *The Art Digest* (New York), "is the fact that the selections represent a sincere attempt to present a true cross-section of American art. Both conservatism and modernism are included, apparently without bias."

Here is the list of new accessions:

"The Bowery," by Reginald Marsh.
"Headlands," by Allen Tucker, a vigorous coastal picture, painted near Rockport, Massachusetts.
"Spring Shower," by John Steuart Curry, a painting of a Kansas prairie farm.
"Speakeasy," by Glenn O. Coleman.
"Hills," by Bernard Karfiol, a large landscape.
"Rondout," by Arnold Blanch, a Hudson River landscape.
"Spring in Manayunk," by Francis Speight.
"Fishing Town," a Cornwall view by Hayley Lever.
"Back Yards, Brooklyn," by Ogden M. Pleissner.

The Herald Tribune introduces the artists:

"Mr. Coleman died last May. A native of Springfield, Ohio, he had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter of Greenwich Village subjects. He had studied under the late Robert Henri, the noted modernist, at the New York School of Art, and his works were exhibited at the Luxemburg Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Museum of Modern Art.

"Pleissner, a native of Brooklyn, only twenty-eight years old, is the youngest of the group, and one of the youngest artists to have his work accepted by the Metropolitan Museum. At the annual junior members' exhibition at the National Arts Club last March he exhibited infinite care and precision. He studied at the Art Students' League and under Frederick J. Boston, and taught art for a time at Pratt Institute.

"Francis Speight, in his early thirties, is a Philadelphian. His painting won the Bunce prize at the exhibition of American paintings at the Hartford Athenæum last March. He is teaching in the Pennsylvania Academy.

"The paintings of Reginald Marsh are vivid and exciting portrayals of the bizarre and colorful in American life. 'The Bowery,' painted in 1931, pictures a crowd of poverty-stricken men beneath the street lights of the shabby thoroughfare under the 'El' structure. He is an alumnus of Yale, where he edited *The Yale News*. He married Betty Burroughs, the sculptor, daughter of Bryson Burroughs, curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum.

"Four of John Steuart Curry's works are owned by the Whitney Museum. He is traveling with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus, painting a series of circus pictures, which will be exhibited at the Ferargil gallery next fall. He is a Kansan, thirty-five years old.

"A member of the Woodstock group, Arnold Blanch is known for his landscapes and figures subjects. Three years ago he won the Norman Wait Harris silver medal and $500 for his painting, 'Midsummer Landscape,' at the Chicago Art Institute. He was born in Matorville, Minnesota, thirty-six years ago, and studied under Robert Henri, John Sloan and Luis Mora at the Art Students League.

"Bernard Karfiol was born in Budapest, and studied at the Julian Academy in Paris and the National Academy of Design in New York. He is forty-six years old, and his works have been shown in many national and international museums. He has won the Clark prize at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and honorable mention at Carnegie Institute.

"Lever is an Australian, noted as a marine painter of subjects along the Cornwall and Atlantic coasts. His painting, 'The Harbor,' won the Temple gold medal at the 121st annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts six years ago. In 1925 he presented to President Coolidge his canvas of the Presidential yacht *Mayflower*.

"Most of Allen Tucker's pictures were painted around Mount Kisco and along the Massachusetts coast. In method one of the most modern of painters, his 'Blue and Gold' landscape was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum several years ago. For fifteen years he taught at the Art Students League."

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Work of the Painter of Greenwich Village

Glenn O. Coleman, who died last May, did this "Speakeasy," and other representations of lower New York. It is now enshrined at the Metropolitan.

"IT is a tremendous relief after the *laissez faire* policies of the past," remarks *The Art News* (New York), "to see America's leading Museum coming to a definite recognition of its responsibilities toward living artists . . . The many who have long deplored the Metropolitan's casual, not to say oblivious, attitude towards the problems of modern art, will rejoice in the sudden awakening of this institution."

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Mussolini Puts Napoleon in Drama

WHY DID MUSSOLINI WRITE A PLAY about Napoleon?

That is a question that involves the characters of the two men with ideas of dictatorship.

Well, why shouldn't Mussolini, when he fancied himself a playwright, put Napoleon on the stage?

The queer thing is, according to that acute critic, Rebecca West, Mussolini took hold of the wrong end of the stick.

He chose the period of Napoleon's life that covered "the hundred days"—the time between Elba and Waterloo. And, according to Miss West, the play "knocks out the whole idea of *dictatorship, because it shows what happens when a dictator* is out of sorts."

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Youngest to Make the Metropolitan

Ogden M. Pleissner, age 28, has his "Back Yards, Brooklyn," hung in the American Louvre.

This play has been done in London, adapted by John Drinkwater, who "put in a scene here and there to try to get some semblance of sense into its inflated emptiness, but it was no use." "It was a dumb piece of work."

Miss West saw the London production, and writes of it in the New York *American*, and we take up her story at the point where she says the dictator was out of sorts:

"Napoleon was ill, and tired with the sustained effort of keeping Europe in order practically ever since he grew up; and he made blunder after blunder.

"He did not understand that after he had led the French army to disaster in Russia, and abandoned it to save itself, the French nation might not be so fond of him as it had been.

"He imagined that by putting on gorgeous uniforms and staging imperial pageants he would get back his popularity, regardless of the fact that people who like spendthrift shows when these celebrate victory may feel intensely annoyed when these are held in the midst of ruin and defeat.

"He could not grasp the fact of his unpopularity at home and abroad; it was beyond his conception that if one is habitually rude to intellectually active people it may be very impressive and great fun to do, but it has the effect of making them go away and work against one, and that if one attacks foreign Powers it exasperates instead of overawing them.

"All this has gone past Mussolini. He just has not seen any significance in the story at all. To him Napoleon was just a nice dictator, and it was a shame that anybody made him stop being a dictator.

"And so he stuffs the play full of people who come in and drop on their knees and say: 'Sire, you are betrayed,' or words to that effect, while *Napoleon* turned from them with a face like one of Mr. James Thurber's bloodhounds.

"He looked like that, too, every time he was double-crossed by *Fouche*, his treacherous Minister of Police—a character on whom Mussolini has lavished so much feeling, as if to say, 'See how great men have ever been betrayed by underlings,' that I fancy he must have taken an exceedingly strong dislike to somebody quite close to him in the Government."

THE joke of the play, as Miss West sees it, is one that Mussolini played on himself, for he "misses the whole significance of the situation, which makes the play an argument against his dictatorship in particular." Thus:

"One can take it that if the State of Italy requires alert thinking from this man as well as a firm hand, it will not get it.

"But it is an argument also against all dictatorship. For this is not only a play that does not understand Napoleon, it is a bad play. If it went to night school and worked to improve itself for a hundred years it might just succeed in achieving hokum.

"And when one thinks that a dictator could write such a play, and have nobody to tell him that he ought not to have done it, one shudders to think that if he produced a governmental measure that was as bad, there would be nobody to tell him he ought not to do that either."

Summer Dishes at the New York Theaters

NEW YORK has long been counted as a summer resort.

But its visitors are not to be called summer residents, for they are usually on the wing for elsewhere.

While they are here they like to see plays, and a little information that Stephen Rathbun of *The Sun* offers about them may be welcome.

To be sure, summer plays lead a precarious life, more or less. When Mr. Rathbun wrote his list, "Reunion in Vienna," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and "A Thousand Summers" for those "who like Miss Jane Cowl's acting," were on the boards. He rated "Face the Music" "first choice," for being a "keen, amusing satire on big city politics." They have now folded their wings.

But a fair menu is left—at this writing:

"Second choice goes to the Pulitzer prize-winner, 'Of Thee I Sing,' at the Music Box. Its burlesque of national politics is funnier, in spots, than the satire of 'Face the Music,' but it lacks entirely the beauty of the latter's production. Sometimes it goes Gilbert and Sullivan, which is certainly a recommendation.

"If a visitor will stay a few days, and prefers musical shows, he can add the classic 'Show Boat' to his list. The revival has an even stronger cast than the original production had.

"Another popular play is 'Another Language' at the Booth, which is as true to life as a sharp photograph. Then a popular drama is Elmer Rice's 'Counsellor-at-Law' at the Plymouth. This study of a successful New York lawyer, with its thousand little touches, is like an etching.

"And there is 'Bridal Wise,' a comedy that evokes many laughs, at the Cort Theater. Miss Madge Kennedy and James

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Rennie head the cast, but it is two boy actors who cause most of the merriment. Finally, there is the revival of Frank Craven's comedy, 'That's Gratitude,' which is as strong in humor as it is weak in satire.

"If the assiduous theater-going visitor will remain in New York for nine week-days, and will take in the matinées, he can see all the shows now in town. While the attractions that remain are not exactly the survival of the fittest, they all have some merit. Wherever he goes, no stranger should spend a wretched evening in the theater."

He Died for the Ballet

"OF ALL MAN'S ACTS, suicide is perhaps the strangest."

So reflects Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*, moved thereto by the reputed suicide of a multi-millionaire of twenty.

But stranger, perhaps, is the suicide of Nikolai Semenoff, who died a martyr to the ballet.

Deprest over the declining popularity of the classic ballet, he wrote his friend Michael Fokine that he would end his life, and if reports are credible he took counsel with Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, and willed to "do it beautifully."

Reports in the newspapers are to this effect:

"Niagara Falls, New York, July 6.—A man believed to be Nikolai Semenoff, noted as a dancer in the Russian ballet under the Imperial régime in Moscow, and later in the troupes of Fokine and Diaghileff in Europe and the United States, committed suicide early this morning by leaping into the upper rapids above the Table Rock House on the Canadian side. The spot is just above the Horseshoe Falls, over which the body was quickly swept.

"He had been standing near the brink of the waterfall viewing it intently. Suddenly he took off his top-coat, laid it on the ground with his brown hat and walking stick, and plunged."

MR. FOKINE, the famous dancer and choreographer of the Russian Imperial Ballet, and also of the Diaghileff troupe, now head of his own school in New York, is said to have received the threatening letter from Semenoff, then in Cleveland, where he lived and taught his art.

Mr. Fokine immediately wired the Cleveland police: "Find Semenoff, who is contemplating suicide, and hold him for me." The victim was about fifty years old and unmarried. Described by his friend in an interview in the New York *Times:*

"Semenoff was a great enthusiast in the art of the ballet. It was like a religion to him. If he went to his death as he planned, then he has sacrificed himself as a protest against the unfairness now existing in the art of the dance.

"In America the great art of the ballet is not known as in Russia and other European countries, because there is no ballet theater here. It is ridiculed by critics and modern dancers because they do not know what it has achieved during the last twenty years.

"Semenoff was very indignant, because in this country what has been presented as the last word or accomplishment in the art of the dance is only the experiments of amateurs, and was done in a much better way twenty years ago in the Russian ballet, in which he took part."

Part of the Semenoff letter to Fokine gives specific instances of the general accusation that ballet in America suffers at the hands of unsympathetic critics:

"I am ending my life by suicide because I can not bear any longer the slander and persecution of the ballet. It may be that my jump into the Niagara Falls will sufficiently disturb you and others to set back the self-inflated modernists. A greater charlatan article in *Plain Dealer* of September 13, 1931, I have never seen, and that is under the name of a prominent organization, the Institute of Music. . . . This will kill me.

"The most dreadful has happened under the auspices of the Museum of Art. It invited Doris Humphrey, and she, in the midst of guffaws and applause of the crowd, slandered and ridiculed the ballet. The time will come when this will be recollected with bitter shame."

The Times adds this note:

"Doris Humphrey, mentioned in the letter, is the noted modern interpretative dancer of the Dance Repertory Theater. She recently appeared in Cleveland, where she and Charles Weidman conducted the ballet for the Civic Opera Company. She is at present teaching the modernistic dance in Colorado."

THE article in the *Plain Dealer* probably referred to stated that "the ancient art of dancing has gone modern in a big way, and

Hated Self-Inflated Modernists

Who slandered the classic ballet, so Nikolai Semenoff threw himself over Niagara.

three of the leading exponents of the modern dancing school are going to enlighten Clevelanders on the flounceless, toe-slipperless, vigorous freedom of 'dance moderns' at the Cleveland Institute of Music. . . .

"You don't have to have a small, petite body nor do you have to start the agonies of bar work and toe work at the age of five or six."

The Cover

THE picture on the cover was once well known and very popular.

It recalls the days when Rogers groups decorated our parlors and domestic life was simpler than to-day.

The artist was English, of the mid-Victorian School of anecdotal painting.

In Benezit's "Dictionnaire" appears the following:

"George Augustus Holmes, genre painter; member of the Royal Society of British Artists, with which he frequently exhibited; also exhibited at the Royal Academy and with the Royal Society of British Artists of Birmingham, with the British Institution after 1852. He was the recipient of several awards. Titles of some of his work: 'Young Dog of Terre Neuve'; 'Kiss Me,' and 'Friendly Greetings.'"

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The Russian Atheist Drive in Europe

LENIN, THE LITTLE SLAV with the powerful forehead and bright piercing eyes, hated God.

When he died in 1924 his followers embalmed his body and laid it out in state in the Red Square in Moscow, under the shadow of the mighty Kremlin. From there his spirit still rules Russia.

His banner is kept aloft by Stalin, and the fight against God goes on. Not only in Russia, but everywhere that God's name is spoken He must be driven out and all churches be laid in dust.

International

Trying to Make a Funeral Pyre of Faith

Russian Atheists burning 5,000 ikons in Godless rites at Bogoradsk. The Soviet League of Fighting Atheists is said now to be penetrating Western Europe with its propaganda.

Already, we are told, the antireligious menace of Bolshevism is percolating through western Europe. Aided by the Soviet Government, the League of Fighting Atheists is carrying on the work. The League is said to have a membership of at least 5,000,000, which, under a five-year plan, they hope to increase to 17,000,000. They use the radio to broadcast their propaganda, and thirty-five antireligious universities are giving instruction to active atheists.

A regular antireligious instruction program has been developed even for the public schools, we are told, and all teachers are made to participate in active antireligious propaganda or give up their positions. Collective antireligious work is prescribed for the classes, and the schoolrooms are covered with antireligious pictures and texts.

But the people did not give up their faith easily, and the services of executioners were found necessary. No less than thirty-two Bishops, 1,640 priests, and 7,000 monks and nuns are said to have been killed in Russia between 1917 and 1931.

REMINDING us of all this, Hans Richard Mertel tells us in the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, as his article is translated in *The Living Age*, that the propaganda of the Fighting Atheists released in Europe is making Bolshevism a constantly more acute danger to the Christian culture of the West. He writes:

"In Moscow atheist books and magazines are printed in forty-eight languages and distributed throughout the world.

"What are the results of this propaganda?

"We have only to recall the terrible attacks on Spanish churches and monasteries instigated by Moscow, and the decree issued against the Spanish Jesuits last January. For in no other country had the Jesuits penetrated the cultural life, and especially the schools, to such an extent as they had in Spain.

"The Spanish Jesuits had performed great services in the form of charitable work. A charity run by the Madrid Jesuits had distributed three hundred thousand articles of apparel and a million pounds of food to the poor. Their reward for this beneficence was exile from Spain."

NEXT to the Russian League of Fighting Atheists, the strongest part of the Atheist International is the German organization known as the League of Proletarian Freethinkers. That is why, we are told, the Bolshevists place their highest hopes on Germany. And says Mr. Mertel:

"We in Germany have about 850,000 organized Freethinkers, of whom 700,000 belong to the German League of Freethinkers, a Social Democratic organization, and 150,000 to the Communist League of Proletarian Freethinkers. The Socialists are bringing up 200,000 children not to believe in God, and the Communist youth organizations are bringing up some thirty or forty thousand more in the same way.

"The League of Proletarian Freethinkers is employing all the methods of the Russian Fighting Atheists. It launched on Germany a lashing wave of propaganda and hatred that lasted until the President's emergency decree of March 28, 1931, which gave religious bodies a certain amount of protection.

"Since that time the propaganda of open antireligious war has taken on a more insidious character. As Anton Koch, a Jesuit father, has said, 'the German and Russian organizations are working hand in hand, and the German organization has been set the following tasks: to get the masses to leave the churches, to do away with religious education, to forbid the State to give financial support to the Church, to take out of the Constitution the paragraphs forbidding blasphemy and abortion.'"

THE Soviet League of Fighting Atheists supports the German League of Proletarian Freethinkers with money and propaganda, we read. A copy of *Neuland*, a magazine printed in Moscow in the German language and circulated in Germany, lies before Mr. Mertel, and he describes it:

"The frontispiece shows a worker who is hammering a church into a thousand pieces so that the chimes, books, and crucifixes are flying into the air.

"Thousands of churches in Russia have been shut or destroyed. Almost two thousand priests and several thousand monks and nuns have been sentenced to death without trial.

"Nevertheless, this Bolshevik journal, *Neuland*, written in German, asserts that 'the Catholics have not yet stopt using the words "religious persecution" at every opportunity in connection with the Soviet Union. We shall energetically set ourselves to the task—and it is high time—of showing our German peasantry, especially the women and children, how they are being persecuted by the Catholic priests. And we shall endeavor to free them from the counter-revolutionary agitation that is being carried on under the cover of preaching, the confessional, and so forth.'

"The aim of the atheist movement is to break down cultural bulwarks and make Western Europe ripe for the political ideas of Bolshevism. May this movement therefore be combated as ruthlessly as it is being conducted."

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From School to Prison

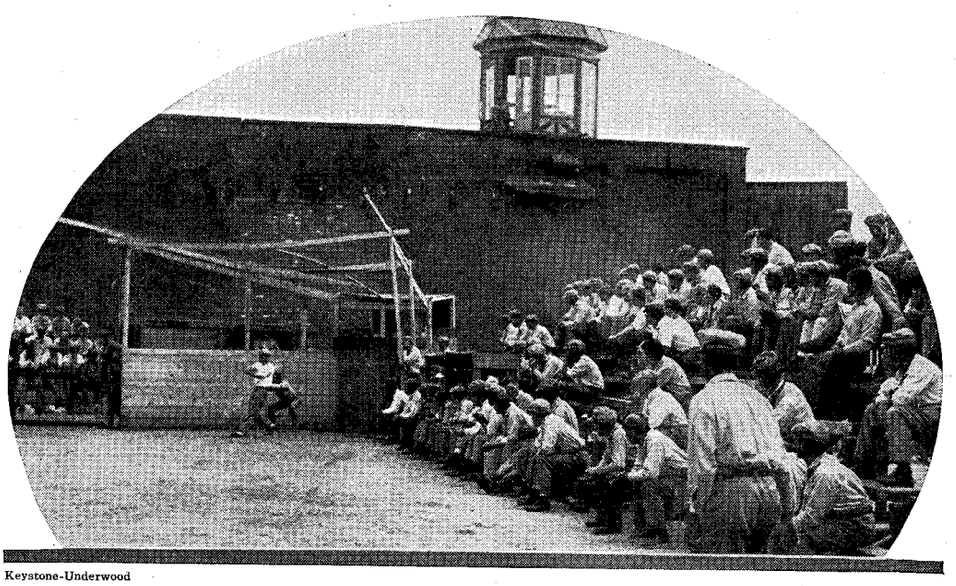
FIRST THE HOME, THEN THE CHURCH, and now the school is charged with failing in its duty toward the younger generation. Sometimes the three are lumped together in a general indictment.

It does seem to a prison warden, for one, who has plenty of horrible examples before him, that education is not playing its part in molding character.

Not that Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing claims that people go to prison because they are educated. He maintains that it is because they are not educated properly. Our "splendid and costly educational program," he told the National Education Association at Atlantic City, "has done nothing—and I say this advisedly—nothing to mold the character of our people." It has reduced illiteracy, he concedes; but it has created only "a fertile and ever-growing circulation for tabloids and sensational literature."

As Eunice Barnard quotes him in the New York *Times*, Warden Lawes says there is a missing link between education and character.

Whereas the inmates of Sing Sing formerly were seldom graduates of public schools, having dropt out in the fourth or fifth grades, to-day, he asserts, the average prisoner boasts of a complete elementary school record. Even the high schools are contributing a constantly increasing ratio of "vicious" offenders. Of new admissions to Sing Sing, the Warden points out, 19.5 per cent. in 1931 were high-school graduates, while in the first four months of 1932 the ratio rose to 25.2 per cent.



Keystone-Underwood

But They Failed to Play the Game Outside

Is it the fault of the schools that 19.5 per cent. of the new admissions to Sing Sing in 1931 were high-school graduates and that the ratio rose to 25.2 per cent. in the first four months of 1932?

"There may be an honest difference of opinion as to whether the youth of our day contribute more to the ranks of criminality than did earlier generations," he says. "But there can be no gainsaying that the criminals they contribute are more brazen, more vicious and desperate than ever before in the history of our country, or for that matter in any other civilized community. A sidelight on this is the gradually decreasing age of the men in the death-house at Sing Sing."

THE fault, says Warden Lawes, is not with individual teachers, who are on the whole "serious-minded people" who rarely become criminals, but rather in the narrow scope of our educational system. He would include vocational training for every child, and particularly for the "manually inclined" child, in accordance with his individual abilities. Less than 5 per cent. of the prisoners in Sing Sing had had vocational training, he says, and the colleges contribute a higher percentage of prisoners than trade schools.

But Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, "the moonlight lady," director of the national illiteracy crusade, adduced figures before the same meeting to show that illiteracy itself and the resulting mental immaturity are causes of crime. The average mental age of inmates of Kentucky prisons, she says, was recently found to be eight and one-half years, and a decrease by half of illiterates in Birmingham, Alabama, in the last twenty years has been accompanied by a similar decline in the homicide rate.

As a matter of fact, comments the New York *Sun*, "never before has the school more clearly recognized its responsibility for character development," and we are reminded that the very association addrest by Warden Lawes has had a commission investigating the best means of character education. Curriculum committees throughout the country are debating, it seems, not whether to include moral training and citizenship in their programs, but which method to follow. To the modern schoolmaster, Superintendent of Schools O'Shea remarked in a recent report, character development "is the great if not the sole aim of education."

Character can not be trained by a series of lessons, maintains *The Sun*. And if it is true that the youth of to-day has a weaker moral fiber than his father, the home and Church must accept at least as much responsibility as the school.

Nor is there necessarily any relation between morality and mechanical skill. In fact, we read:

"Mr. Lawes himself tells of an incident where work done by prisoners at Sing Sing was far better than similar work which under the law had to be done by outside civilian help.

"In this case the lawbreakers were better mechanics. To be sure, their skill did not make them criminals; on the other hand, it did not keep them from breaking the law.

"Vocational education is gradually being extended, and it is proper that under present industrial conditions it should be.

"But too much should not be expected of it. If properly carried out it will produce good mechanics; it will not, of itself, reduce crime. Let it not be charged with a responsibility which it can not safely carry."

ANOTHER to come to the defense of the school is the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which says that American crime is not due entirely, or even mainly, to the so-called failure of American education. Rather—

"We demand too much of our schools, considering the facilities to which we limit them. The trouble lies not in the curriculum or in the teacher, but in our own one-sided theory of education. Having lifted religion and, to a very large extent, a moral training, out of the curriculum, we are wrong to blame the school for turning out so many potential criminals.

"It is a mistake to look to the school for all the work of educating the child. The school can not do all the work because, in the first place, it is not empowered to do it. Even if it were, so far as morals are concerned, the school is a poor substitute for the educative influence of the home."

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Back to the Church

SOME LONG-SUFFERING MINISTER will have to bury him in the end, as one had christened and another married him, and an anonymous writer in *The Forum* has decided that he will go back to the Church while there is still life in him.

He has found that the Church, which he quit some years ago, can get along without him better than he can get along without the Church.

Raised in an orthodox home, this man—a physician in a State hospital in the Southeast—fell away from the faith of his mother because of intellectual problems. Yet, tho he believed that Adam is as legendary as Prometheus, and that sin is largely a reversion to primitive character traits, he was unhappy in his sterile churchlessness. On Sunday morning he always had a feeling that he ought to be at service—he was missing something.

Then one of his little boys fell ill. He called in the best pediatrician he knew, and then, in a fever of anxiety, he prayed an old-fashioned prayer that his little boy would get well. It was inconsistent, but it helped.

So much for the spiritual reasons behind his return.

He visited an orphanage operated by his denomination. Those happy-faced youngsters showed him what the Church is doing. He talked with a classmate who is a medical missionary, and was convinced that the medical missionary was doing a service for the natives of Africa. He found out that he couldn't wholly dispense with the services of the Church himself, and that he was giving nothing in return. He was a dead-beat.

Then there are the children, who must be brought up in the Church or out of it. He was decided.

"Our creed," he writes, "is simple enough":

"We believe in an intelligent Creator, whose evidence for us is manifest principally in nature and in the thoughts and actions of certain of our fellow men.

"We believe also in a very real, compassionate Jesus, whose principles, if followed rather than talked, will lead to the greatest possible happiness.

"We believe that thousands of people in other churches and other creeds have successfully followed these principles, as have many individuals outside of any church. For our purposes, however, they are a little easier to follow in association with other people united for the same objective. While not unaware that fearful atrocities have been perpetrated in the name of religion, we can find neither authority nor precedent for such deeds in the life of the Nazarene."

LET the cynics laugh:

"We are going to church to drink in the deep, soothing music of the masters, so universal that it knows no limitation of creed; composed alike by Protestant, Catholic, and Jew.

"We will sing the old hymns, also, and feel better and stronger for having sung them; some of them are among the finest poems of the race.

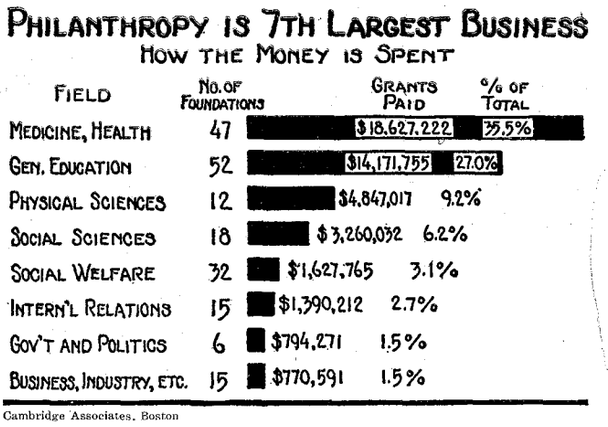
"We expect to listen to the preacher, too, not being so completely sophisticated but what some of the things he has to say will do us good. And should we think his sermons too simple we ought to be able to comfort ourselves with the pleasure this thought will give to our egos.

"Furthermore, we're going to help with the church work being carried on, even if this requires an apparent reversion to Babbittry. We know that it is too expensive, overorganized, and smacks of Rotary methods, but we feel that it is much better than none at all. So we're going in for the men's club and the women's auxiliary, and are going to buy indigestible cake at unheard-of prices, help with welfare projects, get up baskets for poor families, and send the children to Sunday-school.

"And perhaps if we do these things for the next twenty or thirty years we may achieve that inner contentment so many old-fashioned Christians seem to possess, but which is rather conspicuously lacking in the ranks of the intelligentsia."

The Business of Philanthropy

PHILANTHROPY, ONCE A HAPHAZARD bestowal of money, is now a scientifically managed business—in fact, the seventh largest business in point of funds administered. The accompanying chart shows the relative size of the various fields where it operates.


PHILANTHROPY IS 7TH LARGEST BUSINESS
HOW THE MONEY IS SPENT
FIELD
NO. OF FOUNDATIONS
GRANTS PAID
% OF TOTAL
MEDICINE, HEALTH 47 $18,627,222 25.5%
GEN. EDUCATION 52 $14,171,755 27.0%
PHYSICAL SCIENCES 12 $4,847,017 9.2%
SOCIAL SCIENCES 18 $3,260,032 6.2%
SOCIAL WELFARE 32 $1,627,765 3.1%
INTERN'L RELATIONS 15 $1,390,212 2.7%
GOV'T AND POLITICS 6 $794,271 1.5%
BUSINESS, INDUSTRY, ETC. 15 $770,591 1.5%
Cambridge Associates, Boston

It will be noticed that the foundations number 197 and that they have disbursed a total of $45,488,865.

Playing a leading rôle in the administration of these funds, according to the Cambridge Associates, Inc., of Boston, is trust service, either in the form of a trust department of a large bank or a trust company. As to management, we read that—

"In a growing number of cases, the principal of these funds is preserved intact, with the income derived therefrom providing the salaries of medical research men, teachers, or social workers. Undoubtedly this assurance of a continued income from scientifically administered funds has enabled the workers in these different fields to make plans for long periods in advance, thus accomplishing their objectives more efficiently.

"Outstanding in this growth has been the community trust, which, tho in existence only seventeen years, has progressed with especial rapidity during the last ten. In 1920 there were thirty-eight such funds in existence, and in August, 1931, the number had grown to seventy-four. The funds administered grew from $7,000,000 to $32,000,000."

Ill Luck in Lotteries

TRY your luck in a sweepstake! For the small price of a ticket you may win a fortune!

It sounds very fine and tempting. But, as the New York *Times* points out, such luck is seldom lasting. Lottery money, more than any other, it says, seems to be a root of evil. In fact:

"Lawsuits are its first fruit. The Italian café owner from Battersea, who won the big prize in the Grand National last year, ended up in the Irish courts, where his friends tried to collect a share of his winnings. At one stage of the proceedings the judge remarked that every witness in the case was an unmitigated liar, and that 'when it comes to human greed after big money, it seems impossible to get the truth.'

"Ill luck appears to pursue the winners almost as relentlessly as the superstitious believe that it follows the owner of certain gems.

"Nor are the lotteries an unmitigated blessing even to the charitable institution for whose benefit they are sometimes organized. Ordinary subscribers cancel their subscriptions; bequests become less frequent.

"When the British charities lottery bill was under debate in the House of Commons a few weeks ago the Governor of Charing Cross Hospital was quoted as saying: 'Speaking for myself and this hospital, we will have neither part nor lot in any such scheme, and our reasons are not simply moral ones, tho they weigh very considerably. Looking at it from a business standpoint, we believe the gain would be outweighed by the loss.'"

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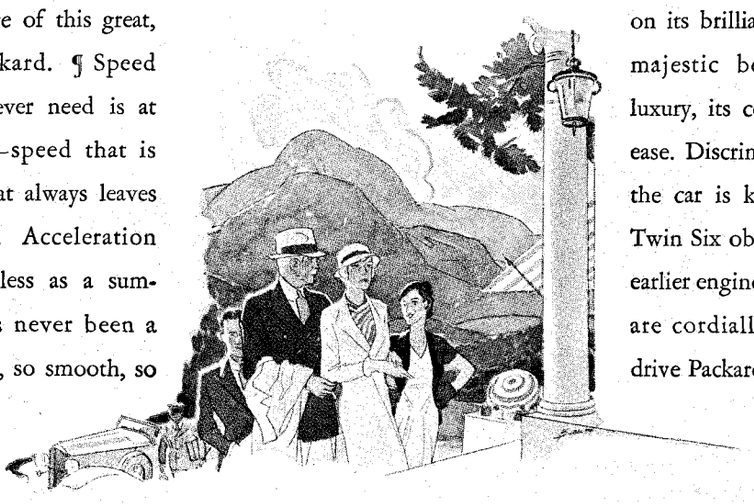

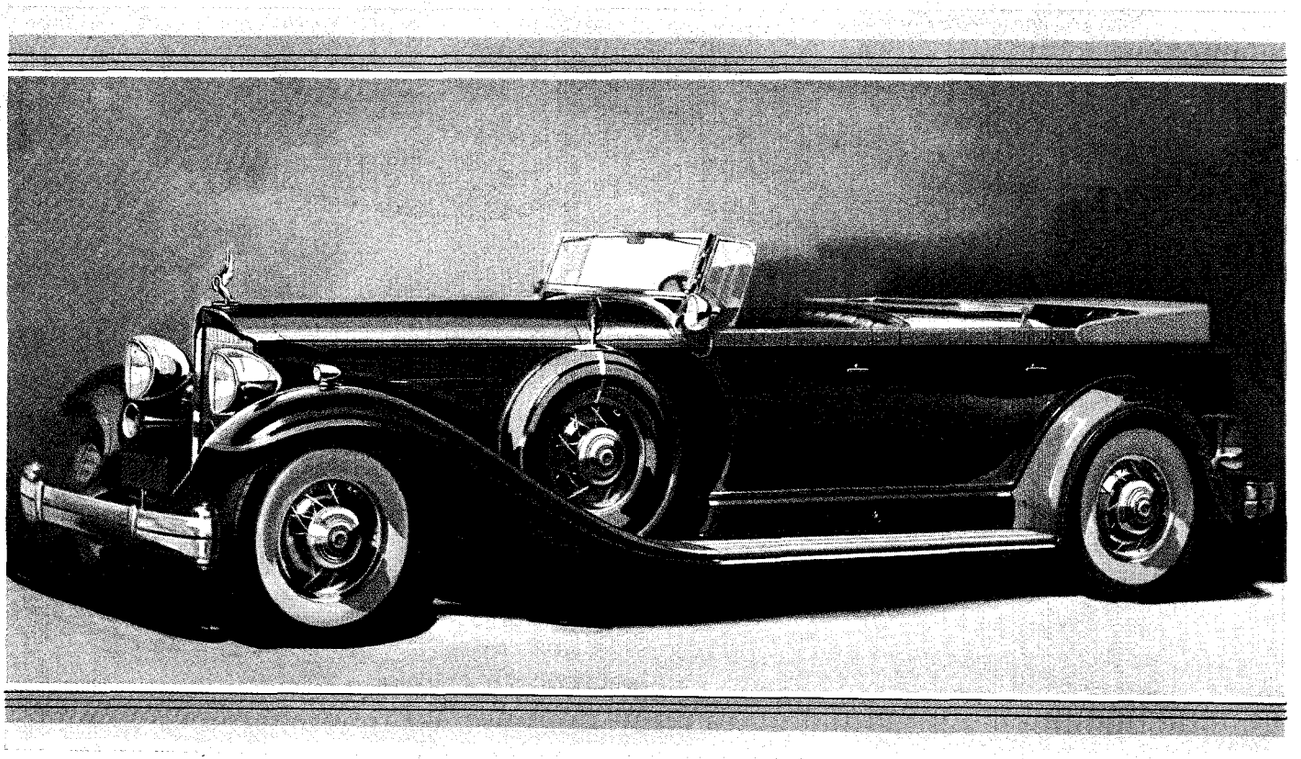

of a Distinguished family

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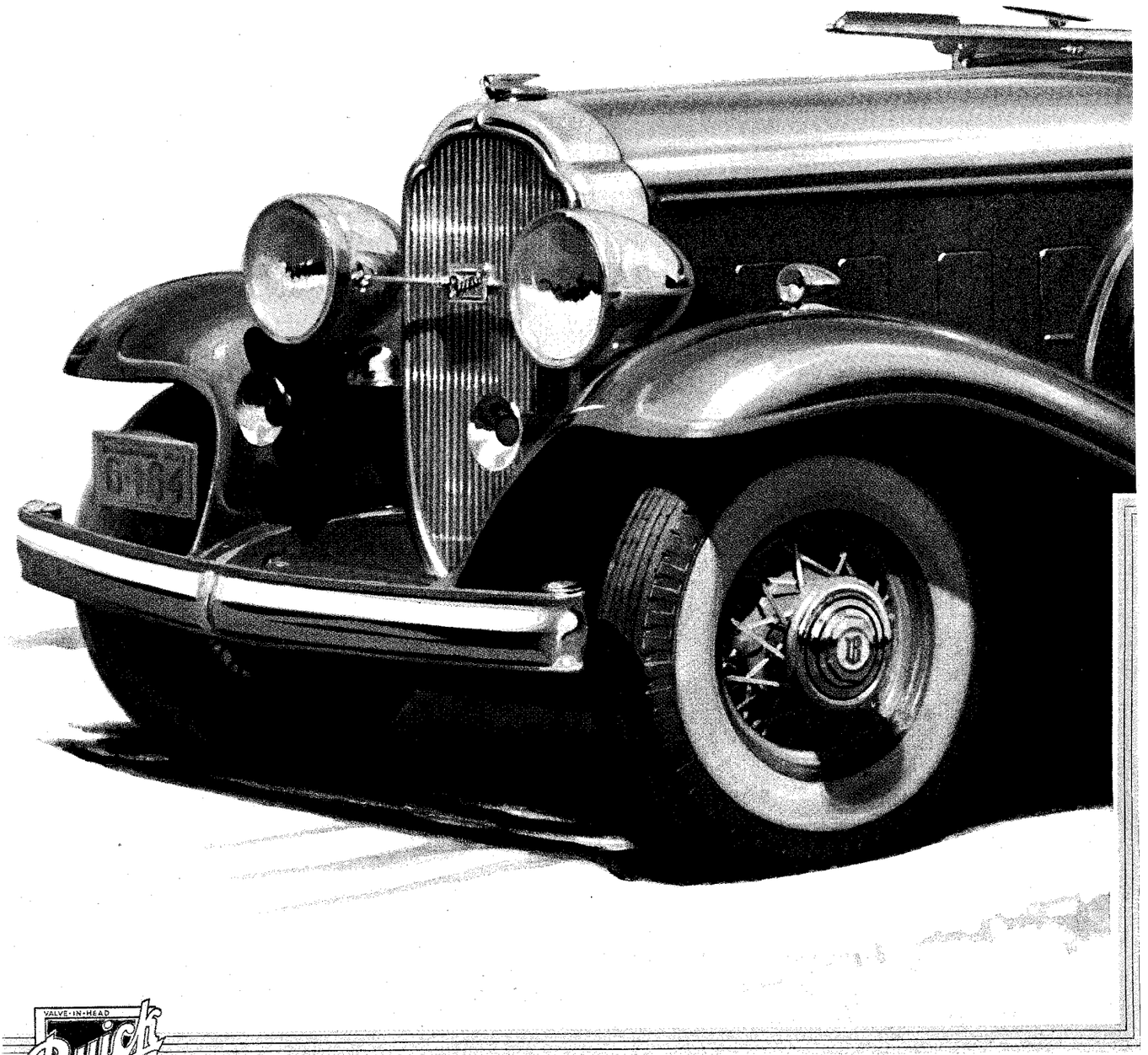

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Motoring happiness far beyond the ordinary theirs, because the new Buick Valve-in-Head Strai Eight Engine carries them along smoothly, quie with unfaltering dependability, and with a degree power and swiftness that makes every mile a delig

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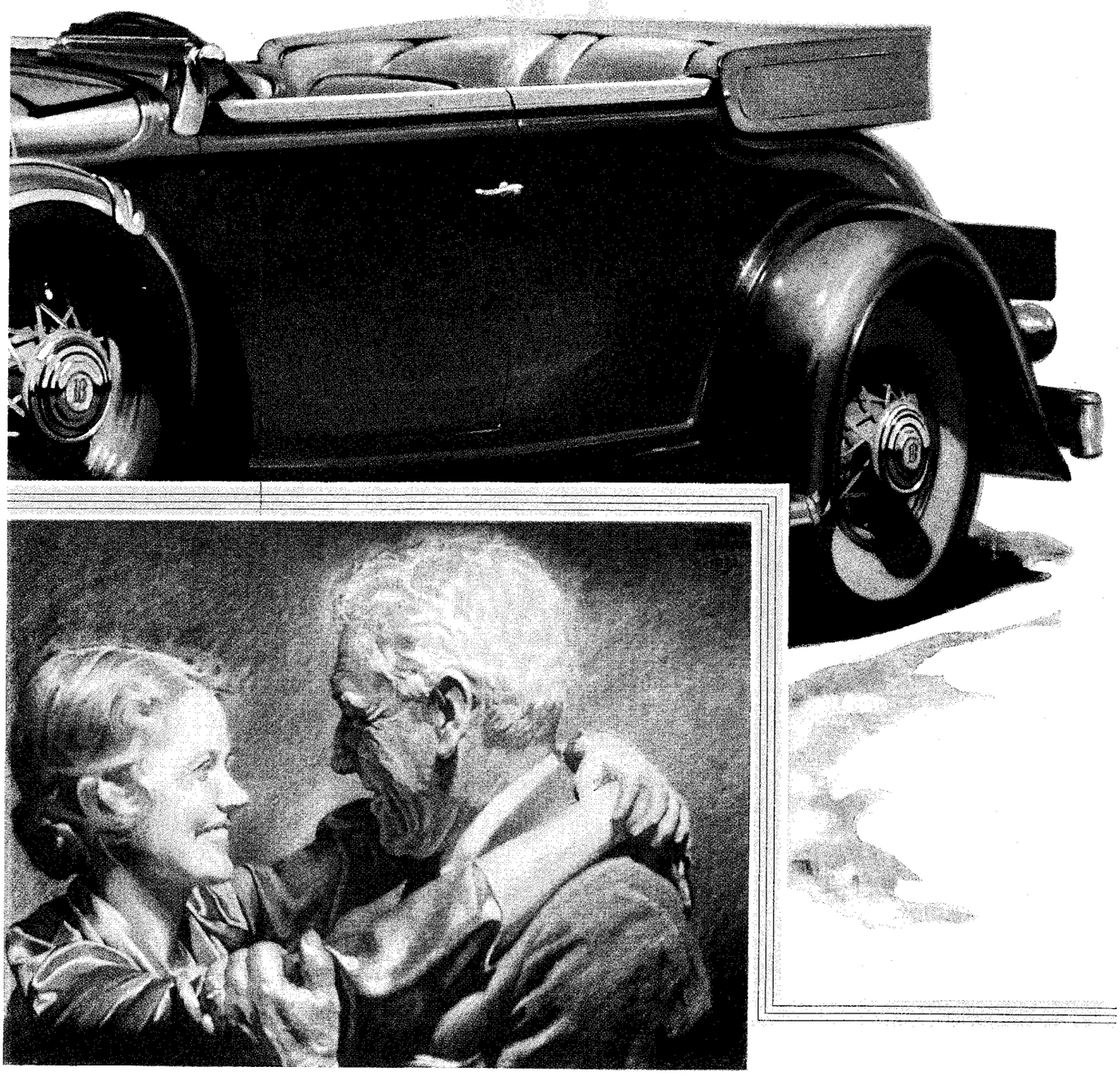

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

NUMBERS have tried, in these deprest days, to lift our spirits through verse, but few have succeeded, we think, like Mr. Guiterman, in the New York *American:*

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Let us have done with these quavers of fear and defeat!
Life is for labor and gales are for courage to weather.
What is the task that we have not the vigor to meet?
Close up the ranks as aforetime, and onward together!
Heed not the babblers who speak but to cavil and sneer,
Out with the cynical prig and the querulous scolder!
Heroes again to the vanward and fools to the rear;
Americans, shoulder to shoulder!

Lift up your heads in the pride that belonged to our youth;
Nothing is lost, and the noblest is yours for the winning;
Clear visioned, joyous and resolute, facing the truth,
Give of your best to the work that is only beginning.
Root out the base and the evil and tread them beneath,
Leaving the weeds in their rankness to wither and molder;
Let not the bright sword of justice corrode in its sheath;
Americans, shoulder to shoulder!

Cleave to your leaders, the men you may honor and trust;
Candid and wise, by the test of the storm you shall know them.
Stanch as the oak when the reeds are the sport of the gust;
Strengthen their hearts and their hands by the faith that you owe them.
March with the sweep of the stars in the banner above.
Battling and striving and conquering, blither and bolder,
Not for a faction or class, but the land of our love;
Americans, shoulder to shoulder!

THE following, which holds a striking medieval flavor, was written in 1925, when the author was an undergraduate in Tulsa University. It appears in the Bristow (Okla.) *Daily Record:*

THE LOVER'S QUARREL

BY HENRY T. CHAMBERS

It fell in old Jerusalem
About our Eastertide
That Judas was a tortured soul
That Christ was crucified.

Oh Judas he was weeping then
Most bitterly and low:
"They've nailed him on the cross," he says,
"With thorns upon his brow."

He's told his mother dear good-bye—
"Now where ye goin'?" asks she;
But Judas will not tell her that,
"I'm going out," says he.

Then out and up Golgatha's slope
Up to the bitter rood
To kneel before the tender Christ
All wet with sweat and blood.

"Why, how now, Judas," says the Christ,
"Judas, dear friend,
You look most pale and ill I think,
You'd best to bed and mend."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, my master,
I'm sick with traitor's woe,
And sick for your forgiveness,"
Says Judas, sobbing low.

"I've given my forgiveness,"
Says Christ, "My blessing too,
And I would give you my embrace
But that nails are riven me through.

"When last we met together
I spoke you harsh, did I,
So you forgive me for 't,
Dear Judas, 'fore I die."

"Oh close your eyes, sweet master,
If you've forgiven me;
I want to look upon your face,
Your face again I'd see"

He covered the feet with kisses,
He kissed the bleeding side,
And sat beneath the cross until
The blessed Savior died.

"Sweet be your rest," says Judas,
"Jesus, my lord,
Sweet be your reign in heaven,
Jesus, my king.

"May all the true friends gather
With love in sweet accord,
And may I burn forever,
Jesus, my friend."

"Oh have you seen my Judas?"
Asks Judas' mother wild;
"His gold is gone and he is gone,
Where is my reckless child?"

"You'll find him in the garden,"
Said Mary, bitterly.
"Your son is in the garden
Hanging to a tree."

NATURE may be man's enemy; we like to think it friendly, but here is one, in the June *Kaleidograph* (Dallas) who doesn't:

GRIM BROTHERHOOD

BY JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

The world is careless of the subtle linnet,
Never suspecting evil in its song,
Nor ever troubled at the triumph in it
Dulling the music. Men can see no wrong
In winds that gallop nights; and scorn the talk
Of branches tapping weirdly at a door;
And only stare when youthful poets walk
Into the autumn—to be seen no more.

They do not know that crouching in each wood
By every path is a grim brotherhood.
Yet there, despite the blue-jay's warning note,
Some day each one must go: and he shall start
To see a sunbeam's dagger at his throat
And feel a tulip pillaging his heart.

A POEM for those who have accumulated memories. In *Interludes* (Baltimore):

OLD HOUSES HAVE SECRETS

BY PEARLE R. CASEY

Old houses, like old gentlefolk, are shy,
For shabbiness and quaint, old-fashioned ways
Mark them the relics of those other days
Before men worshipped speed's efficiency.
They seem to sit apart, to draw aside
From life's insistent urge. In musings deep
They dream; and tender rendezvous they keep
With all the treasured memories they hide.
A footstep . . . whispers . . . scent of rare perfumes . . .
An old love song . . . faint rustle of a gown . . .
A sobbing cry . . . gay laughter drifting down—
These are the substance of long-lived-in rooms.
Old houses, like old hearts, are loath to tell
Dear secrets they have hidden long and well.

PERHAPS you never thought there was a personality in box cars, but listen to the words Mr. Kemp puts into their mouth. In the New York *Sun:*

CHANT OF THE BOX CARS

BY HARRY KEMP

Consigned for lading, marked for repairs,
We hustle about the world's affairs.
Like the roadbeds, having our ups and downs,
We rock through meadows, we clank through towns.
In a thousand, thousand obscure parades
We gride down valleys, we climb long grades,
Through fields that smell of the fresh-turned sod,
Through the tasseled corn and the golden rod.
The cattle lift their heads as we pass;
The sheep gaze up from their close-cropped grass.
Shunted, side-tracked, laden again,
Fulfilling the service required of men,
Under cloudy or blue-spread skies
We go with our loads of merchandise;
While the roadbed roars and the whistles call
And the signaling lanterns rise and fall!

THE lilt of the owlets' wings is well conveyed in the rhythm of these lines in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (University, Virginia):

SCREECH OWLS

BY LEIGH HANES

Once every summer, in an emerald light,
I watch the little screech owls try their wings
For the first time, between the dusk and night,
Eerie with quaverings.

But whence they come I never yet have known,
Save that the woods seem full of owlet doors,
And come they do, ubiquitously blown
In twos and threes and fours,

Till suddenly I have become aware
Of wizened faces, cowled heads awry,
And eyes that stare as only owlets stare
Before they tilt and fly;

Leaving me there in darkness to surmise
How well it goes with owlets in their flight,
And silent wings, and fixed nocturnal eyes
Needing no outer light.

SOUTHERN night gets another notice in *Harper's* (July), where we find this:

MISSISSIPPI NIGHT

BY PATRICK D. MORELAND

The gray owl dreams beneath the moon
Balanced on a starry limb;
Crickets chirr, and nightjars hiss
A tune to him.

A rabbit lifts a drooping ear,
Bending silver leaves of grass.
Carp sport in the pool and break
The mirrored glass.

Without a sound the owl is gone;
Rabbits dart beneath brush;
Crickets cease malingering;
Nightjars hush.

Sniffing through the sparkling grass
Like a huge and black buffoon
The old hound lifts a blunted nose
And greets the moon.

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Perishing Indian Dialects

A LARGE NUMBER of American Indian languages, are now at the vanishing-point.

They are being studied under the auspices of the Committee of Research in Native American Languages of the American Council of Learned Societies, of which Prof. Franz Boas of Columbia University is chairman.

Three of the Indians assisting in this work are seen in the photographs sent to us by Dr. Alexander Lesser. They are:

Kai Kai, a Kitsai Indian woman, through whom the Kitsai language was recorded phonetically.

Henry Chapman, a Pawnee Indian, with his baby, who was interpreter for all the work done on the language and ethnology of the Pawnee by Dr. Gene Weltfish and Dr. Lesser.

Mark Evarts, a Pawnee Indian, with whom a great deal of work on the Pawnee language was done by Dr. Gene Weltfish.

Preservation of one dialect depends entirely upon the life of a lone old woman, the sole living person who still speaks the language, we are told in a press bulletin issued by the University. We read:

"The dialect, the southern Caddoan, is being recorded by Dr. Alexander Lesser, under the Committee's auspices. It was the language of a group of Indian tribes who lived in southern Oklahoma, in Arkansas, and near the Red River in Louisiana.

"From the speech of the old woman, an Oklahoman, who belongs to the Kitsai tribe, Dr. Lesser has outlined the foundations of the language. By the middle of this summer, it is declared, he hopes to have completed the grammar and the editing of Caddoan text. Dr. Lesser has carried on his research under Professor Boas, world authority in anthropology, with the aid of the Columbia Council on Research in the Social Sciences.

"Future record of many other American Indian dialects, it is reported, depends on circumstances almost as precarious. One of the very few Indians who still speak the Mohegan, or Mohican, language, the dialect of the Eastern Algonquin tribe made famous in the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, was found in a hospital in Milwaukee. A committee investigator, Olive Eggen, graduate student at the University of Chicago, is attempting to obtain from him the form and the accents of the nearly vanished speech of *Uncas*.

"In the case of the Tillamook Indians of northwest Oregon, another investigator reported that if research had been postponed a few more years, there would have been no language to record. The native tongue, she said, is practically extinct, only a very few individuals who still speak it being discoverable.

"The Tillamook language is the most southern and strongly divergent Salish dialect, and, according to the Committee, is particularly important for an understanding of the history of American language because of its relations to other dialects.

Kai Kai

Henry Chapman

Mark Evarts

"A near 'resurrection' of one of the many Indian tongues long believed completely extinct was achieved by another Committee research worker, when he discovered that the language of the Cayuse of Oregon, reported vanished by ethnologists in 1883, is still being spoken by a few families."

CONSIDERABLE difficulty, we are told, was encountered in visiting these families. Prof. Melville Jacobs, of the University of Washington, reported that investigation had been blocked, temporarily at least, by the extreme reluctance of the Indians to give information. Little definite fact has been obtained so far, except for proof that the language is related to Molala, but Dr. Jacobs said he was hopeful that in the course of time the reluctance of the little Cayuse group may be broken down. The writer goes on:

"Work on the language of the Pawnee, based largely on old manuscripts written thirty-five years ago by Mr. Murie, a native Pawnee, who worked at one time for the Field Museum of Natural History, for the Museum of Natural History, and for the Bureau of American Ethnology, is being carried on by Dr. Gene Weltfish.

"The manuscripts have never been digested, and can be interpreted only in the light of further field study.

"The Natchez tongue, known to a handful of survivors, is being studied by another Committee scholar, Vic Riste, graduate student at the University of Chicago. The Patwin language of California, previously entirely unknown, is being studied by Dr. Paul Radin, under the supervision of Prof. Alfred L. Kroeber of the University of California.

"Prof. Robert H. Lowie, the anthropologist, visited the Crow Indians, collecting new texts, and studying the grammar of the language, having previously made a thorough study of the ethnology of the tribe.

"Other Indian dialects studied under the Committee's sponsorship during the past year, according to Dr. Boas, are the Tonkawa, the Nitinat, the Wishram, which is an eastern Chinook dialect; the Washo, a language whose relation to the California speech is said to be most important; the interior Salish dialects of the State of Washington; the Nez Perce, in which valuable texts were gathered; the Dakota, the Pomo, the Yuki, the Yokuts, the Yaudanchi, and the Cora.

"A total of about $14,000 was expended by the Council on the year's work of the Committee.

"On the executive board of the Committee, besides Professor Boas, are Prof. Leonard Bloomfield of the University of Chicago, and Prof. Edward Sapir of Yale. On the advisory section are Manuel J. Andrade, University of Chicago; Jaime De Angulo, University of California; Roland B. Dixon, Harvard University; Rev. Berard Haile, Gallup, New Mexico; John P. Harrington, Smithsonian Institution; Melville Jacobs, University of Washington; and D. Jenness, National Museum of Canada.

"Also, Alfred V. Kidder, Carnegie Institution of Washington; Alfred L. Kroeber, University of California; Truman Michelson, Smithsonian Institution; Frank M. Olbrechts, Kessel-Loo, Belgium; Gladys A. Reichard, Barnard College; Frank G. Speck, University of Pennsylvania; and John R. Swanton, Smithsonian Institution."

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Deadly Radiations From Our Bodies

RAYS EMITTED FROM HUMAN BLOOD, finger-tips, the ends of noses, or the eyes, have been discovered at Cornell University to kill yeast and presumably other micro-organisms.

This discovery may very likely have a profound influence on studies of germ diseases, we are told by Watson Davis, managing editor of Science Service, in one of its "Wire Reports" (Washington).

As yet, these studies of baneful effects of human radiations are in their preliminary stages, but Prof. Otto Rahn, the Cornell bacteriologist, has carried them far enough to become convinced that his findings are worthy of more extended investigation. Here are the findings, as they are outlined by Mr. Davis:

"Yeast, such as is used in making bread, was killed in five minutes merely by the radiation from the finger-tips of one person.

"Dr. Rahn also found that the end of the nose and the eye produce the yeast-killing radiation.

"The effect of the rays from the eyes is reminiscent of the 'evil eye' of superstition, so far as yeast is concerned. The human chest does not produce the radiation, however.

"In the test of fingers it was found that the right hand was stronger than the left even in the case of left-handed persons.

"Professor Rahn's experiments show that the blood and saliva produce the radiation, but that with different people the rays emitted vary greatly. Some have the power of producing effective radiations, and others do not, while it varies with the same person under different conditions.

"It was also demonstrated that the human body as a whole sends out rays.

"The exact nature of the radiation is not yet determined, but it may be some variety of ultra-violet rays, the invisible radiations of wave-lengths shorter than visible light. This seems probable because the human rays are effective, as are ultra-violet rays, after being passed through quartz.

"Four years ago German and Russian investigators discovered that active muscles of the human body emit a very weak ultra-violet radiation which stimulated the growth of micro-organisms, especially yeast.

"They found that resting muscle and most of the other body tissues did not produce the rays, but that blood from healthy, normal people did radiate.

"Tissue from cancer showed strong radiation properties in these early experiments, while, unlike normal blood, the blood from cancer patients did not have the power of radiation.

"Professor Rahn explained that another investigator several years ago found that the blood of women at certain periods sent out a radiation that killed or damaged micro-organisms.

"These human-ray discoveries recall the controversy over radiations given off by onion roots and other growing plant-tips. Some scientists have reported the detection of ultra-violet-like rays from growing plants, while others have been unable to confirm the phenomenon.

"Professor Rahn, in stressing the need for further research on the human rays, declared that they are 'doubtless a physical influence.' Other investigators of human radiations, he explained, found it to be short-wave ultra-violet radiation of about two thousand angstrom units.

"There are still many puzzling features about human radiation, for it is mostly destructive, while mitogenetic radiation from plants is found to be mostly stimulating."

Courtesy of General Electric

Faster Yet

After the accompanying story was written, Jim Reynolds swung his driver at a speed of 135.8 miles per hour. The above photograph was made on that occasion.

Why Golf-Balls Go So Far

THE MEASURED SPEED OF A DRIVER when it connects with a golf-ball is from 70 to 125 miles per hour. This was shown in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company by a series of tests conducted with a device utilizing the phototube, or "electric eye."

Jim Reynolds, of Schenectady, winner of the national driving championship at Chicago in 1930, made the mark of 125 in his second attempt. The device used in the laboratory to obtain the speed of the club employs two photoelectric beams, and can be used to measure speeds which have never before been measurable. Says Guy Bartlett in a press account:

"Reynolds, who has a reputation for obtaining remarkable distance in driving, in his first attempt registered a speed of 106. His second swing was 125, the high mark of the afternoon, while other attempts ran from a low of 72 to 102 miles per hour, varying with the length of club used.

"Alex McIntyre, professional of the Edison Country Club, Schenectady, also swung a driver several times from the platform. His speed when connecting with the practise ball ranged from a low of seventy to a high of ninety-seven miles per hour. The tests demonstrated that lightness rather than weight in the head of the club and length of shaft contributed to the higher rates of speed.

"The apparatus developed by H. W. Lord for making the measurements includes two phototubes and light sources which affect two beams of light about six inches apart. These beams run at right-angles to the path of the club, which is swung from a platform. The driver cuts the first beam a split second before it strikes the ball on its tee and almost immediately afterwards cuts the second beam. Both phototubes operate Thyratron tubes, the first one causing a condenser to begin charging and the second one stopping it. The resulting charge is measured by a meter, which is calibrated in terms of miles per hour. It is possible to measure speeds up to about a thousand miles per hour with the device."

Unpleasant Pleasure Driving

PLEASURE driving is not as pleasant as it used to be, but the car owner can not lay the entire blame on traffic congestion. Quite a bit of the fault lies with himself, asserts William Ullman in a release issued by the Ullman Feature Service (Washington).

Those who protest most volubly about the lack of pleasure in pleasure driving, he goes on, usually make congestion the chief object of their complaint. That it really is not as serious a drawback to driving enjoyment as many insist is indicated by the fact that congestion does not vary much from Sunday to Sunday, or on whatever other day or particular highway it occurs. He proceeds:

"Even tho real congestion does exist at various times and places, there are two very definite things the driving pleasure-seeker can do about it to his enjoyment. He can avoid it or he can adapt himself to it.

"The writer recently took a Sunday-afternoon airplane trip of a couple of hours in the vicinity of a city surrounded by many splendid highways and many interesting things to see. From the

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vantage-point of 2,000 feet, he could see highways in every direction. Dozens of stretches, not so wide as the main roads, but just as smooth and passing through countryside equally beautiful, were virtually deserted. On the main roads thousands of cars struggled to make headway, and were making it except at various inevitable bottlenecks, such as important intersecting highways.

"The ease of avoiding congestion could not have been more definitely demonstrated. The pleasure-driving highways were virtually unused; the 'get-somewhere' highways were filled. No other conclusion could be drawn from it than that the pleasure-hunting motorist was looking in the wrong place."

War Gas Not So Bad

THE NEXT WAR will blot out great cities, say the prophets of doom.

These Jeremiahs stand in the market-place (or its modern equivalent, the Sunday newspaper) and foresee death on the wings of airplanes, raining down poison gases that will kill off the civil population, says Frank Thone in *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication.

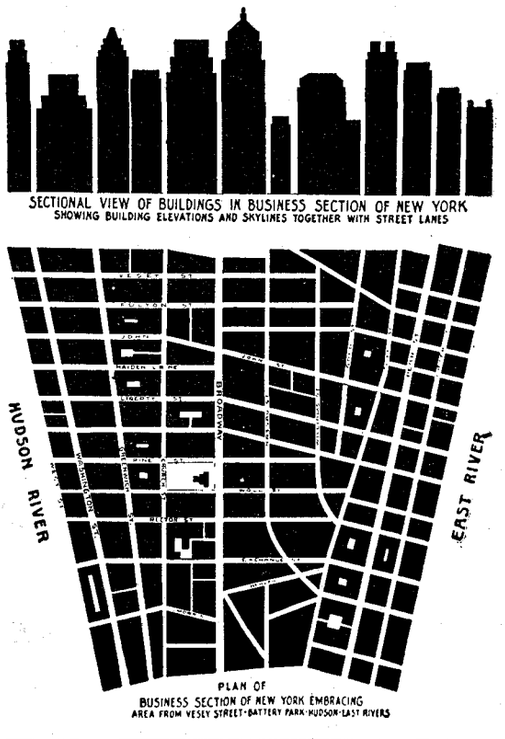
All this is very fine for providing a shuddery thrill, he goes on, and to give you a nickel's worth of Sunday-morning reading. But are these direful things really going to happen? He answers:

"No! declare soldiers and chemists, emphatically and indignantly. Gen. H. L. Gilchrist, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Dr. H. E. Howe, editor of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, have turned a little cold, scientific attention on the great gas bogy—and he has vanished!

"In the first place, it is pointed out, there is no war gas that will penetrate any gas-mask or find its way into any gas-tight room or dugout. There is no gas cheap enough to be used for wiping out whole cities.

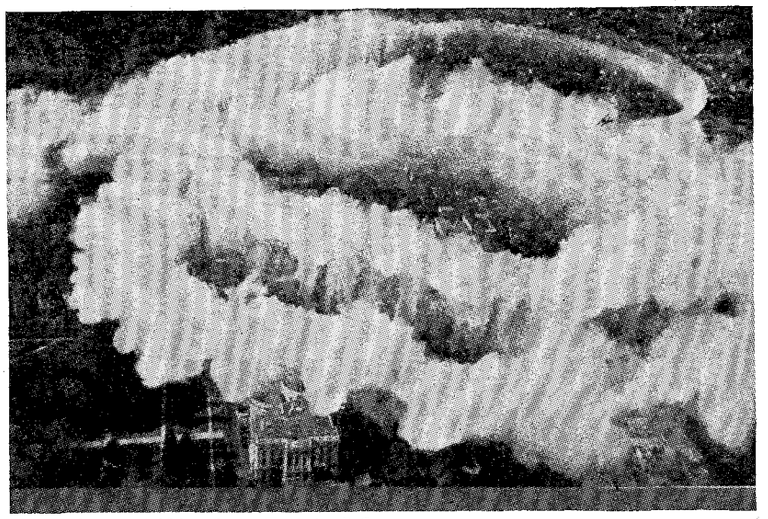
"The gases that figure in all chemical combat plans of the present day are phosgene, mustard gas, and lewisite. None of them will pass through the soda-lime and charcoal of a gas-mask; indeed, none of them will come in through the cracks around a reasonably tight window.

"With the coming into general use of air-conditioning plants, we shall see an entirely new style in architecture: buildings with windows not built to open at all; or, perhaps, even with no windows. And it will be a relatively simple matter to add a 'detoxicator' to the air-conditioning apparatus."


SECTIONAL VIEW OF BUILDINGS IN BUSINESS SECTION OF NEW YORK
SHOWING BUILDING ELEVATIONS AND SKYLINES TOGETHER WITH STREET LANES
HUDSON RIVER
EAST RIVER
PLAN OF
BUSINESS SECTION OF NEW YORK EMBRACING
AREA FROM VESEY STREET-BATTERY PARK-HUDSON-EAST RIVERS

Protected By Its Towers

General Gilchrist's chart of lower Manhattan, showing relative areas of streets and buildings. Hits in streets might be effective at lower levels, unless windows are kept shut. Hits on roofs or walls are ineffective.



Illustrations by courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C.

Not Practicable With Poison Gas

Because an airplane can protect the capitol of California, in Sacramento, by laying a smoke-screen over it, like this, some believe that an airplane could kill off all its people by letting loose a cloud of poison gas. General Gilchrist dissents.

BUT suppose a large part of the population should be caught in the open. Suppose an air fleet should put down a blanket of phosgene or mustard gas. Would the rescue parties find them all corpses? We are told:

"For answer, General Gilchrist points to the casualty record of the A. E. F. in the World War. Of the 258,338 wounded in battle, 34,249 died on the battle-field. Of this number, only 200 deaths were due to gas. The percentage of deaths among the hospitalized gas casualties was 1.73; among the wounded from other causes the death-rate was slightly over 8 per cent.

"The fact is that a modern American city is a far better place in which to face a gas raid from the air than a comparable area at the front would be. To be effective, a military gas must hug the ground. If more than twenty feet thick, the gas is too diffuse to have any effect. If a plane raid should begin showering a city with gas, the alarm cry might well be, 'To the sky-scrapers!'"

AGAIN, Mr. Thone believes that tall buildings greatly reduce the chances of gas-bombs falling in the streets. Bombs scattering their contents on roofs would be largely wasted. Moreover, bombs dropt from planes follow an oblique course. Many of them would dash against the sides of the buildings, and would have a much-diminished effect. He goes on:

"The purpose of a gas projectile is to deliver the gas; so as a rule only enough explosive is included to break the casing and scatter the contents. And prospective victims can strengthen their lower-story windows in various ways.

"But most effective of all the city's gas defenses is its irregular sky-line. Like a mountain-range intersected with narrow canyons, it is the scene of constantly swirling air-currents. If a cloud of gas were released into those canyons, the wind would sweep it out in very short order.

"Anyway, why waste time and ammunition on civil populations? In London there were 1,413 civilians killed and 3,408 wounded, and the industrial morale possibly damaged somewhat. But it cost the wrecking of 29 Zeppelins and 41 big bombing planes, the detonation of 280 tons of bombs, and the time of a lot of highly trained fighting men. General Gilchrist has calculated that each London civilian killed by the German air raids cost the German Government $27,000.

"Furthermore, the psychological effect was a boomerang. Instead of being thrown into a panic, the English were made fighting mad.

"So it is highly likely that unless somebody does really discover one of those highly improbable 'secret gases,' chemical warfare is likely to stay at the front."

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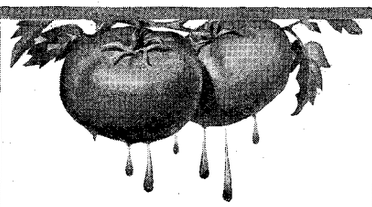

The pick of the world's

FINEST TOMATO CROP

IN THE heart of famous tomato growing regions they will tell you about the "Heinz Tomato" —a large, luscious variety raised exclusively for Heinz.

Each year Heinz selects choice seed, raises the tomato plants and supplies them to growers —receiving in return the pick of their crops.

That's why, when you open a bottle of Heinz Tomato Juice, you get the wholesome aroma and fresh taste of prize tomatoes —and nothing else. Only a pinch of salt is added for seasoning.

Appetizing, colorful, healthful Heinz Tomato Juice is at its best when thoroughly chilled. Have your grocer deliver a few bottles today.

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Ever eat a tomato right off the vine? . . . that's

HEINZ Tomato Juice

A Safety Gasoline

A TYPE of gasoline that is non-inflammable under usual accident conditions has been devised by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey at the instance of the U. S. Naval Bureau of Aeronautics.

It is expected, we are told in *The Lamp* (New York), the oil company's bulletin, that it will be popular not only in the aviation field, especially with closed-cabin passenger planes, but also in motor-boats and cruisers. It is explained:

An elementary principle observed by seasoned airplane pilots in making a forced landing is to "cut" the ignition switch. With the spark off, the danger of fuel in the gasoline tank catching fire in the event of damage to the ship is greatly minimized. The mental picture of a ship falling in flames is still strong among inexperienced air travelers.

Nor has the problem of the natural fire hazard of gasoline been confined to airplanes. The construction of the modern automobile and the position of the gasoline tank in the rear combine to minimize the motorist's worries on this score, but the owner of a motor-boat or a launch is in a bad way in the event of accidental ignition of the contents of his fuel tank.

The problem particularly demanded study in the case of lighter-than-air craft. Non-inflammable helium has largely replaced hydrogen as a lifting medium, but the Navy Department still felt that the presence of large quantities of gasoline aboard Uncle Sam's fighting dirigibles was inconsistent with the goal of safety they sought to reach. The result was a fuel which is practically free from the danger of accidental ignition under normal temperature conditions, at the same time being equal or superior to the best aviation gasoline in operating efficiency.

With the new safety fuel, the absent-minded chap who holds a lighted cigaret in his mouth as he peers into his gasoline tank no longer automatically lays himself open to immediate and justifiable assault and battery followed by a frantic leap for the fire-extinguisher. In fact, even were the lighted "butt" to drop accidentally into the tank, nothing would happen except that the cigaret would be extinguished.

EXPERIENCE with kerosene has shown that a flash-point of 105 degrees Fahrenheit is the dividing line beyond which the danger of fire from leakage or spillage, or the formation of explosive mixtures, where quantities of kerosene were stored, was negligible. Building regulations, fire-insurance and transportation laws all over the world now recognize this principle. So a fuel with a 105-degree flash-point would be as safe as kerosene in this respect. The writer goes on:

Three main problems faced the aviation development engineers in finding a satisfactory safety fuel. First, there was the problem of starting, for 105 degrees is considerably higher than the temperature at which the most volatile fractions of ordinary aviation gasoline will flash. Secondly, the fuel must be sufficiently volatile to vaporize completely prior to ignition. Thirdly, it was known that under existing methods the various fractions of motor fuels decreased in knock rating as the boiling-point increased—in other words, the heavier ends tended to knock the most.

The starting problem is taken care of—at least in the case of aircraft—through adoption of the solid injection system, altho the new fuel has been found to operate satisfactorily with ordinary carbureters in automobiles and motor-boats if the engine is first warmed up. However, a number of motor-boat engine manufacturers have already indicated their willingness to make any necessary modification in their carbureter and manifold designs to give the most efficient performance with the safety fuel.

Sufficient volatility in the new fuel was obtained by close fractionation, the lowest point being fixt by the 105-degree flash-point and the highest by the volatility requirement, and the boiling-points of the intermediate fractions being closely spaced.

Private Flyers Up to Date

MAKERS of airplanes intended for private buyers are paying a great deal more attention to detail than ever before, says Ayer Ryder, in a bulletin of the Ullman Feature Service (Washington).

They are prepared to insist to-day that their vehicles suffer not in the slightest when compared to motor-cars in respect to the fineness with which small features have been treated. In fact:

Some of the descriptions of these detailed developments sound decidedly as if they were taken over directly from the automobile field.

One, for instance, is the "one-man-top." Quite a few of the new, light planes intended for the private consumer have this feature. It is a cockpit-covering that is easily removable, and makes the ship either an open or closed model at the owner's will.

Another change to be found in a number of the latest models of small planes is enlarged baggage compartments. The first ships of this character had very little room for luggage, and owners made a considerable point of it. In one of the new designs, the private flyer can carry sufficient accessories to make a transcontinental journey without an embarrassing lack of garb for important occasions.

Side-by-side rather than tandem seating arrangements are to be found in more light planes this year. The chief objection to this disposal of passengers in the past has been that the single wide seat necessitated a fuselage having too much width for a reasonably low wind resistance.

Remarkable cleanliness of line has been achieved with the arrangement in some of the later models. Many have held that the side-by-side seating system is preferable both in instruction and after that stage.

Folding wings, permitting storage in a building not much larger than the private garage, are features of the two new light planes now ready for distribution. Both manufacturers stress not only the complete safety of the mechanism but the fact that it is so simple of operation that one man can handle it without difficulty.

Another detail of construction that has been handled in a fashion expected to have its appeal is the increase in fuel capacity. Cruising-range limitations have evoked criticism from some private plane owners in the past and, sensitive to such things, manufacturers have wrought improvements. Small things are getting attention in every branch of aviation.

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Dog Bites

DURING the past few years the incidence of rabies has shown a considerable decrease, but the number of cases of dog bites shows little improvement, according to *The Weekly Bulletin* of the New York Department of Health.

Since rabies is spread largely by stray, homeless dogs, the control efforts of the Department have consisted mostly in ridding the city as much as possible of such stray animals. In New York the work of collecting stray dogs devolves on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. *The Bulletin* goes on:

There is little doubt that the intensive collection of unwanted and stray dogs has been the main factor in reducing the number of animals found rabid by the Health Department's laboratories. Despite the collection of enormous numbers of dogs (70,000), the number of dog bites reported (nearly 14,000) has continued to mount. An analysis of the dog bites reported during the first four months of this year furnishes the explanation. At present the stray dog is an infrequent source of dog bites; the chief offender is the dog whose careless owner allows the animal at large on streets or in other public places without being effectively muzzled as provided by law.

The suggestion that the law be changed to permit leashing as an alternative to muzzling was recently considered at a special meeting of the Health Department's Medical Advisory Board. After careful consideration, the board advised against permitting this alternative, and recommended stricter enforcement of the muzzling law.

Even tho the prevalence of rabies infection in this city has been very much reduced during the past few years, every case of dog bite naturally gives rise to a great deal of apprehension. This is particularly true when the biting animal can not be traced. It may be thought that there should be no trouble in tracing an owned dog, especially since almost all of these are licensed.

Experience shows, however, that this often presents great difficulties, and that no information can be obtained as to the condition or whereabouts of the biting animal. Under these circumstances, a large number of victims of dog bites submit to the ordeal of thorough cauterization of the wound, followed by a course of immunization with anti-rabic vaccine. Even then there remains the anxiety as to the adequacy of these preventive measures.

The ownership of a dog carries with it the definite responsibility to keep the animal from biting any person, especially while the animal is in the street or any other public place. Continued disregard of the rights of the non-dog-owning public may compel the Department of Health to take more drastic action.

Companionless Marriage.—An English clergyman discovered not long ago his three children in one of their games staging a wedding. The boy was taking the part of the minister, the oldest girl was the bride, and the younger sister the bridesmaid.

"Where is the groom?" asked the father.

"Oh," said the boy, "this is a very quiet wedding; there isn't any groom."—*The Baptist.*

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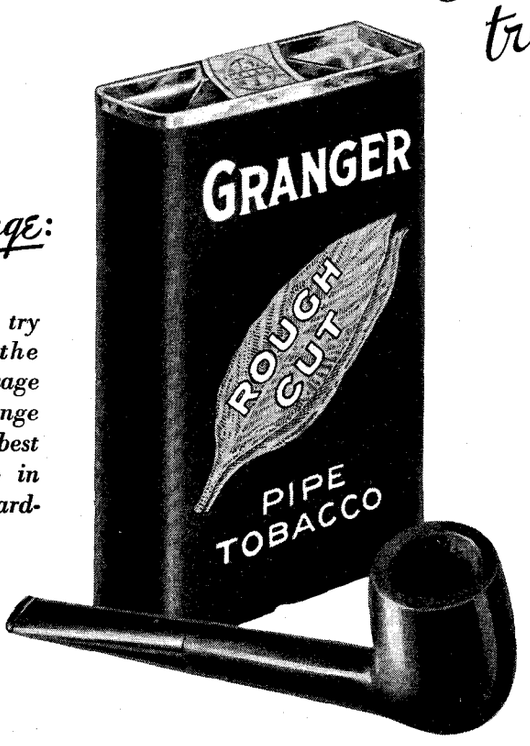

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The Train-Wrecker Who Terrified All Europe

THE BUDAPEST-VIENNA EXPRESS was pounding through the night across Hungary with a roar like thunder.

It split the darkness with a shrill whistle, signaling for the viaduct at Bia-Torbagy.

On the viaduct the roar of the train swelled and grew hollow. Then another, deeper roar blotted out the noise of the train. The viaduct was shaken with the deafening crash of exploding dynamite.

The crack train seemed for a moment to waver in mid-air. Then, according to a dispatch to *Le Petit Parisien* from Eugène Quinche, its Vienna correspondent, "the locomotive and first cars were precipitated into the ravine in the wildest confusion."

Twenty-two passengers were killed. Many more were injured, according to this description of the events leading up to a celebrated criminal trial just concluded in Vienna.

The case was utterly mystifying. The blowing up of the viaduct at Bia-Torbagy on the night of September 12, 1931, was the fourth major assault on European rail traffic since the beginning of that year.

On New Year's Day a railroad guard named Josef Kraus, at Anzbach, twenty-two miles outside Vienna, discovered that the night before, evidently in an unsuccessful attempt to wreck an express, some miscreant had loosened bolts and rivets in the rails.

A month later a second attempt was made at the same spot. This, too, was unsuccessful.

ON August 8 the Basel-Berlin Express was blown off the track at Jüterbog in Germany. One hundred and nine persons were injured. No one was killed.

A mass murderer, surpassing in devilish ingenuity even such post-war monsters as Haarman of Hanover and Kuerten of Düsseldorf, was at large. Society had to deal with a maniac who sought to slay his victims by the hundred. That he was balked at Anzbach and Jüterbog, that he actually killed no one until the wreck at Bia-Torbagy, was pure luck.

The police searched here, there, everywhere. But their efforts seemed useless. The train-wrecker remained securely hidden — until one day came one of those trivial happenings that is so often the beginning of a mystery's end.

In quite another connection there came to the attention of a Vienna detective a list of people who had recently bought large quantities of explosives—perfectly proper transactions, but such as the police like to know about. One name on the list seemed familiar.

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Mass Murder Was Herr Matuska's Hobby

It was the name of a man who owned a quarry outside Vienna, according to an account of the solution in *La Liberté* (Paris). The detective suddenly realized that this was the name of one of the survivors of Bia-Torbagy. The name was Silvester Matuska. Its owner lived at Hofgasse 9, with his wife, Irene, and his little girl, Gaby. The detective, working on a hunch, decided to learn whatever he could learn.

At first he could get no encouragement in his project. Investigate that highly respectable citizen, Herr Matuska? Nonsense! His life was an open book.

Matuska was a former schoolteacher. He had served with the artillery during the World War. He owned real estate—two houses in addition to the one he occupied. He was successful in business. He owned a quarry. He was (or was supposed to be) director of a large masonry industry. A member of his parish council, says M. Quinche in one of his dispatches to *Le Petit Parisien*, "he never missed a single meeting. Devoted to chess, he frequented a café some fifty steps from his home, where his relative elegance was quite imposing. Often he spent the evening at home with his wife and little girl, and never went to sleep without having said prayers with his little Gaby."

NEVERTHELESS, this officer (whose name, we regret to say, is missing from the numerous accounts of the case we have read) decided to pay a little call on Herr Matuska.

At Hofgasse 9 he found a handsome, well-drest, well-set-up man of forty, with dark hair, and a frank, open face.

Herr Matuska, the admirable citizen, was delighted to talk with and help the officer of the law. But not for long. Results proved how excellent the detective's hunch had been. It was not long before Matuska broke under the relentless grilling, and in tears, confessed that he was the wrecker of Anzbach, Jüterbog, and

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Telling It to the Judge

The eccentric train-wrecker is showing a model of his invention to prevent train-wrecking. Some believe that his crimes were designed to boost that device.

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Bia-Torbagy. Once he had confessed, Matuska talked freely. With alacrity, according to an account in the *Wiener Bilder:*

He told all about his inner feelings, his subjective states. Indeed, he did not seem to keep mute regarding anything that might throw light on his deeds. That very circumstance was the uncanny thing about it all.

This wholesale murderer, seemingly reliable and almost harmless, with a world of wild ideas in his head, toiled energetically to unburden himself. He was eager to make obvious the chain of circumstances, to tone down the terrors, to set forth his deeds of doom as the working out of an inevitable destiny, and himself as a sort of superman with the grace of God in him.

MATUSKA, according to M. Quinche in *Le Petit Parisien*, was born in the little Hungarian village of Czantaver, "where his parents were engaged in the manufacture of cork soles for sandals. In due course he became a school-teacher and married a friend of his youth, also a teacher. During the war he became a lieutenant in the artillery."

He settled in Vienna in 1919, and bought three houses. He undertook several jobs, according to another of M. Quinche's dispatches. "He sold some wine which bore the suggestive name of 'tiger's blood' and imported onions, for, he said, 'onions develop the health of the chest.'"

His character had two sides. Openly a good citizen, he was secretly given to debauchery. His extravagances plunged him into debt, and he faced the prospect of legal trouble from this cause.

"Deception, worries, and anguish must have haunted him. One can not find any other explanation." Thus M. Quinche speculates in *Le Petit Parisien*, and then continues with his account of this Jekyll-Hyde career:

In December, 1930, with his wife and child, he returned to his native village, but he spent Christmas Eve away from his people. He did not return until the morrow, pale, undone, and trembling with fatigue.

He had wandered all night along the railroad tracks. With his eyes fixt on the two parallel lines of bright steel he walked on blindly up to the point of exhaustion. He began to dream of the trains; and in the manner of vicious little boys who wish to see an accident, he wished to be present at some catastrophe.

Eight days later he made his first attempt at Anzbach.

Armed with a wrench he was satisfied with loosening the bolts and rivets of the rails, certain that they would give way under the weight of the train. He then wrote a note in pencil. ["Assault! Revolution! Victory!"] similar to those which were subsequently found on the scene of each of his attempts, and awaited the arrival of the express from Berlin.

"This waiting," he said later, "was the most horrible moment of my entire life. I have never suffered as much or hoped as much."

Finally the locomotive roared through the night, approached the loosened rails —and went on its way. Nothing had

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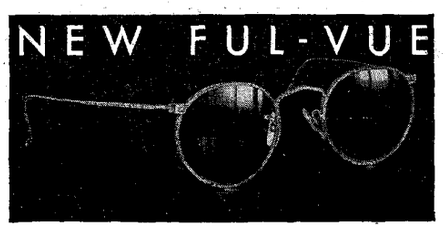

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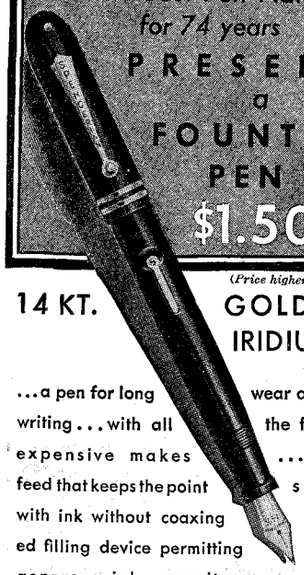

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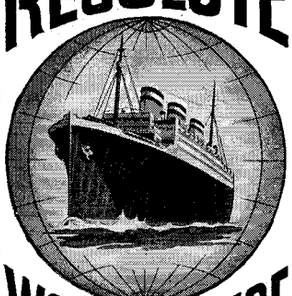

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happened, and Matuska left the scene, crying with rage.

A month after this, Matuska tried again at the same spot.

This time, we learn, he did not loosen the bolts, but placed an obstruction over the rails.

Again he failed, frustrated by an alert member of the train crew, who saw the obstruction and stopt the locomotive.

It was not until August 8, after a number of trips to Jüterbog to choose a likely spot, that he had any success. At this point, incidentally, he changed weapons, shifting to explosives. He chose a business which, altho he did not pursue it seriously, permitted him to purchase the supplies he needed.

That is, he bought the quarry near Vienna.

At Jüterbog he succeeded in causing a wreck, altho, happily, not a fatal one. The engine and forward carriages were derailed by his bomb on the tracks. One hundred and nine persons were injured, but there were no deaths. Reading on:

The "accident" at Bia-Torbagy, however, cost twenty-two lives. Matuska resided at Budapest in order to perfect his latest plan. From that city he often went to the village of Torbagy to examine the viaduct which spans the valley there.

In the last days before the accident, he even lived in the abandoned hut of a basket-maker in a neighboring forest. To this hut he took his necessary materials. Wishing to be closer to the scene of the accident than at Jüterbog, he hid behind an electric-light pole.

He related later that at the decisive moment he was seized with a sort of panic. The express was several minutes late. He thought "all was lost."

At length the train arrived, and the wrecker accomplished his aim by utilizing the electric-current furnished by a pocket battery.

The locomotive and the first cars were precipitated into the ravine in the wildest confusion.

Matuska, seized with some species of madness, ran out laughing and crying, fell down, picked himself up again and began to approach the scene of the disaster.

He mingled with the crowd and pretended to be one of the survivors, and even gave out details of the accident to the reporters who had hurried to the scene.

It has been proved that the former school-teacher had conceived a methodical plan. On his person was found a map of Europe marked in red ink with six little crosses. The first three were in the vicinity of Anzbach, Jüterbog, and Bia-Torbagy. The fourth was in Holland, the fifth in the neighborhood of Melun, and the sixth on the line between Vintmille and Marseilles.

Once Matuska had confessed, it was not difficult to strengthen the case against him with evidence. Numerous witnesses were found who corroborated details of his story.

A Vienna chauffeur, Kinzer, told of driving Matuska to Anzbach on the night of his first attempt there. One bit of evidence is particularly interesting. Kinzer insisted that while on the tracks Matuska made circular signals with a flash-light, according to *Le Petit Journal* (Paris).

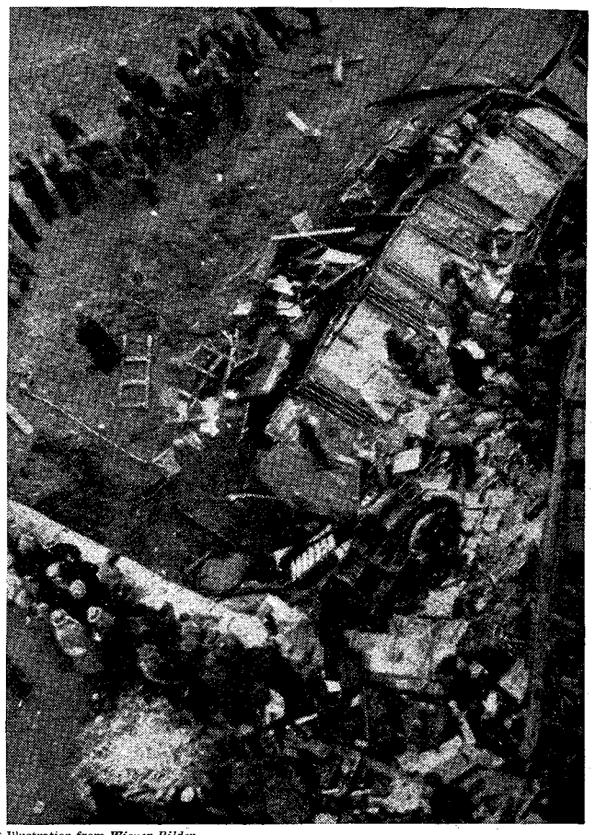

Illustration from *Wiener Bilder*

At the Bia-Torbagy Wreck, Matuska Mingled With the Injured and Posed as a Survivor

Leo Schabensky, a technician, testified that after the wreck at Jüterbog Matuska had asked him how much explosive would be needed to wreck a train at Bia-Torbagy. Matuska seems to have been very intimate with Schabensky, as his excerpt from the *Neues Wiener Journal* shows:

To Schabensky, Matuska declared, even before there was any suspicion of the identity of the perpetrator of the Anzbach crimes, that he himself was the criminal. Matuska urged Schabensky to expose the secret and gain the reward offered in the case. The technician, however, did not take this seriously.

Others told of the man's "inventive genius." Oddly enough, his chief legitimate work was directed toward making train wrecks impossible. It was a scheme for the electrification of all European

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railroads with semaphores and block signals.

The Danube was to furnish the power for this project, and Matuska was immensely pleased when the turbine he had designed was exhibited in court.

"It is," he said modestly, "the greatest invention in the world."

It was a disputed point in the trial whether he had offered this plan to railroad companies, and whether he had engineered wrecks in an attempt to force its adoption.

THE trial was a grotesque proceeding. In the course of his questioning, says a Vienna dispatch to *Le Matin* (Paris), "the accused stated that he made the attempts in order to liberate the world.

"Replying to the question whether or not he had planned other attempts, he said:

"'Yes. When I have completed my thirty years of prison which await me, I shall be seventy, and I shall blow up the newspapers in order to combat atheism.'"

A correspondent of the London *Daily Express* gives us a further glimpse of the trial:

Grimacing wildly, with staring eyes, protruding tongue, and listless, sagging arms, bowed body, and bent knees, Matuska resembled an ape.

He never kept still. Rolling to and fro, blowing kisses to his wife, sometimes falling on his knees in prayer, Matuska was either mad or feigning madness. He was incongruously drest in a well-fitting blue suit, lavender gloves, and patent-leather shoes.

"A ghostly spirit urged me to commit deeds of disaster that would shock the world," he said. "I resolved to follow the example of Trotsky, who became the great leader of men as the result of his actions of violence."

It was a fantastic trial. The judge treated Matuska like a child.

"I would like to sit down," said Matuska, and the judge immediately interrupted the proceedings for half an hour. Hardly had the court reassembled when Matuska intimated that he was hungry, whereupon the judge broke off the examination again.

A further bizarre note was struck by Matuska's insistence that he acted under the orders and influence of a ghost named "Leo Bergmann." During the trial "Leo the Ghost" became something of a celebrity in Europe.

THE accused was sentenced to six years' imprisonment on the Anzbach charges alone and fined 5,000 shillings damages to be paid to the Austrian State Railways, according to *Le Petit Journal*. At the expiration of this term he will be tried on the charges growing out of the Jüterbog and Bia-Torbagy wrecks.

Strangely, the London *Daily Herald* points out, he could be charged only with "having wilfully committed dangerous acts." He can not be tried for murder because he could not "be charged with having intended to kill any specific person."

A "Dejobbed" Parent's Pathetic Plea for "Rejobulation"

TIMELY additions to the English language come to us from the Philippines.

A civil servant of Japanese extraction, the father of sixteen children, figures as the father, also, of new verbal combinations which bid fair to strike a popular note in an era when so many have been "dejobbed" and pine for "rejobulation."

These and other locutions unfolded by "Yours despairfully, Akono Subusu," in a letter to his chief, have made a hit in the official colony in Manila, and have spread to other English-speaking points in the Far East. There seems to be general agreement that "dejobbed" would be a useful word just now. Whether it will ever be sanctioned depends, of course, on the gods and Frank Vizetelly.

Here is Akono Subusu's letter, as quoted by a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent under a Manila date-line:

"Mr. F. Symonds,
"District Officer,
"Abeokuta:

"Kind sir, on opening this epistle you will beheld the work of a dejobbed person, and a very bewifed and much childrenised gentleman, who was violently dejobbed in a twinkling by your goodself. For Heaven's sake, sir, consider this catastrophe as falling on your own head, and remind yourself on walking home at the moon's end to savage wife and sixteen voracious children with your pocket filled with nonexistent pennies and pity my horrible state. When being dejobbed and proceeding with a heart and intestines filled with misery in this den of doom, myself did greedily contemplate culpable homicide, but Him who protected Daniel (poet) safe through the Lion's den will protect his servant in his home of evil. As to reason given by yourself esquire for my dejobment the incrimination was laziness.

"NO, SIR. It were possible that myself who has pitched sixteen infant children into this vale of tears can have a lazy atom in his mortal frame, and a sudden departure of eleven pounds has left me on the verge of the abyss of destitution and despair.

"I hope this vision of horror will enrich your dreams this night and good Angel will meet and pulverize your heart of nether milestone so that you will awaken and with such alacrity as may be compatable with your personal safety, and will hasten to rejobulate your servant.

"So mote it be, Amen.

"Yours despairfully,
"AKONO SUBUSU."

"Note by District Officer:
"Gentle reader do not sob—
"Akono Subusu has been rejobbed."

No Wonder It Looks Unfinished.—A man from Manhattan was peering into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "that it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

The man from Manhattan was tremendously imprest. "You don't tell me," he commented. "Why, I didn't know it was a government job."—*Labor* (*Washington*).

AUG. 13

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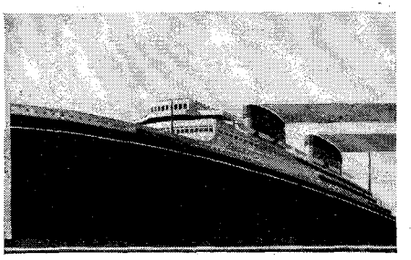

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The Equine Poise of Equipoise

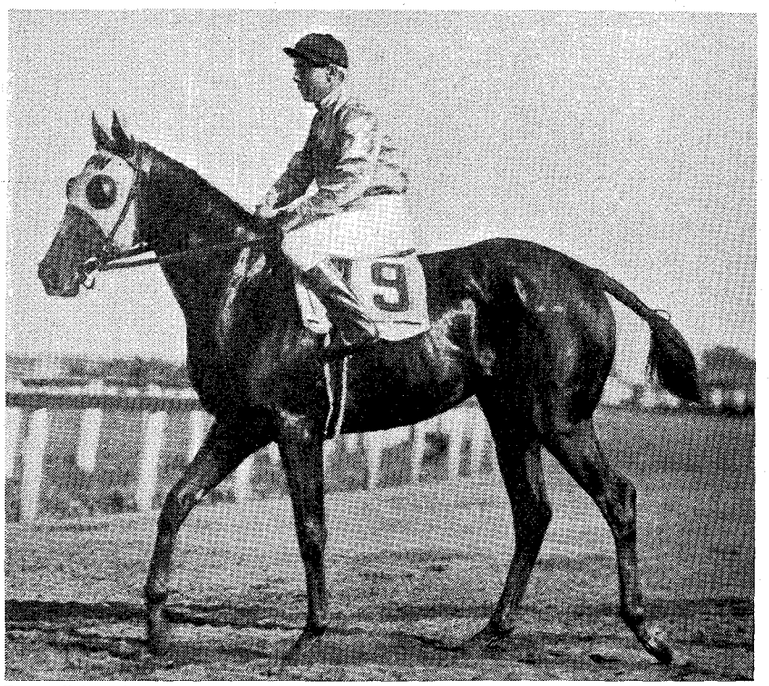
ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPERTS on horse-flesh looked at the chestnut yearling and saw—just another horse.

"He's ordinary," the late Harry Payne Whitney told Jimmy Rowe, the trainer.

"Send him to Freddie Hopkins. He might come to hand early and win some races at Bowie next spring."

Rowe thought differently, Henry V. King recalls in the New York *Sun*, but the colt, accompanied by half a dozen other "culls," went to Hopkins at Benning to train.

But that "ordinary" yearling that Harry Payne Whitney couldn't "see" has grown into Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's sensationally successful four-year-old, Equipoise, the horse which, Mr. King tells us further, "has run a mile around a turn in the unprecedented time of 1:34 2-5; has won seven races in a row this season, including the Arlington Cup, the Stars and Stripes, Metropolitan, Toboggan, and Harford handicaps; has piled up enormous winnings; has defeated the best horses in training this year; has an unblemished record for 1932, and appears to be on his way to become the undisputed king of the turf, one of the greatest race-horses of all time and one of the largest money winners in the history of racing."



Keystone-Underwood

Equipoise—The "Cull" That Made Good

AND now we dip into the Chicago *Tribune*, a little closer to the scene of Equipoise's record mile, to find French Lane assuring us that world mark was never shattered more easily. Reading on:

For the long-striding, yet rather small, chestnut, Equipoise never seemed to be fully extended even while he was trailing the fleet Jamestown by two lengths going down the back-stretch and rounding into the lower bend which carried them into the home-stretch.

"Jamestown's got him!" shouted the crowd as the Widener four-year-old, which had beaten Equipoise in a Belmont futurity nearly two years ago, straightened out at the head of the stretch for the run home, still more than a length in front.

Then Equipoise showed the stuff of a world's champion. He shot forward in the swiftest and longest strides a race-horse in America ever took. He bounded forward as if wings and not four good legs were carrying him along in his journey. It seemed that Jockey Workman had prest an electric button or that a superhorse was now taking the track determined to do something no other horse had ever been able to accomplish.

In forty strides he had raced upon even terms and had passed Jamestown. Poor old Jamestown didn't know what had happened to him. Equipoise continued to go in that breath-taking stride until he was two lengths in front.

Then he must have known his day's work was over. He began to take things easy. Workman looked back and discovered that Jamestown was floundering and that Spanish Play was so far behind him there was no chance for that game rascal to catch them.

He even gave Equipoise a pat on the side of the neck, an affectionate little slap which assured Equipoise that it was all over but the cheering.

Even tho he was slowing up a bit he had Jamestown and Spanish Play so completely whipt he pulled out into a still longer lead and was three lengths in front when the crowd gave him the mighty cheer of victory. There is no way of telling how fast Equipoise might have run the mile over the Hertz course if Workman had hustled him in the final furlong.

EQUIPOISE won easily again in the Arlington Gold Cup, when, according to Mr. Lane, "he ran the mile and a quarter in 2:02 4-5, a second slower than the track record, and two seconds off the world's record. He didn't have to run any faster."

As we go back to the story of the record 1:34 2-5 mile in the Delavan Purse, Mr. Lane warns us that "it wasn't the fastest mile ever run by a race-horse. Old and musty turf records show that Caiman, running in the silks of Lily Langtry, once ran a mile over the straightaway down-hill Lingfield Park course in England. But running down-hill over a straightaway course is something different than wheeling around the sweeping turns at Arlington." And for a little more reminiscent data we turn to the comments of Frank Ortell in the New York *World-Telegram:*

The chestnut son of Pennant and Swinging always was rated as a fast horse, but in his sensational performance a whole bunch of marks went by the board. Not only did he eclipse the American record for competition—1:35—made by Jack High under 110 pounds at Belmont Park, May 24, 1930, but the record of 1:34 4-5 made by that flyer, Roamer, in a race against time at Saratoga Springs in August, 1918. Roamer carried 110 pounds in that event. Equipoise carried 128 pounds, however.

Equipoise's feat is a world's record for a race around turns. Three horses—Kepplestone, Spionetta, and Hermos—have run eight furlongs faster over a straight course. Their times were 1:32 4-5 for the mile at Brighton, England.

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY'S lack of interest in the colt continued even after he had shown the stuff that was in him. Equipoise won several important victories in 1930, but Mr. Whitney never visited a course to see him race. Then, continuing his interesting account in *The Sun*, Mr. King adds some more details of this horse's track record for 1930 and 1931:

In spite of his wonderful record Equipoise might properly be called an unlucky horse. If Dame Fortune had bestowed her best wishes on him he probably would have earned much greater fame and been the greatest money winner in the world. As a two-year-old he was beaten in three stakes, the Futurity, Junior Champion, and Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, by the scantiest of margins. They were worth $150,000, and in the opinion of many competent judges he would have captured them if he had been lucky at the break.

And last year just as he was beginning what appeared like a brilliant campaign he split a hoof and was forced to forego competition in all the rich stakes, including the Preakness, Derby, Belmont, Travers, Classic, and Realization.

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Is Baseball Getting Rougher?

UNDER full steam, Carl Reynolds of the Senators came crashing across the home-plate. In doing so he bumped Bill Dickey, the Yankee catcher, thereby starting one of the liveliest jars of the current baseball season.

Dickey staggered back, says John B. Keller, describing in the Washington *Evening Star* the scene that followed, regained his balance and rushed at Reynolds, who was being congratulated by the Washington club's mascot a few yards from the plate.

"Reynolds's back was toward Dickey

Maybe They Ought to Dress Those Fragile Catchers Like a Hockey Goaler

—New York "World-Telegram."

as the latter swung with his right and landed flush on the Washington player's jaw. Carl would have been felled by the blow had not one of the Nationals caught him.

"As soon as he could straighten up Reynolds rushed at Dickey, but by that time players of both clubs were around the plate and they kept Carl and Bill apart.

"Umpire George Hildebrand, of course, immediately ordered Dickey from the game, then Reynolds walked off the field.

"It was a matter of five minutes or more, tho, before play was resumed."

Thus in the seventh inning the boys pepped up the by-now-famous Fourth of July game of the Washington and New York teams in Washington.

You all know the result of the fracas.

Reynolds's jaw was broken and he is not expected back in the game until next month.

Dickey was suspended for thirty days and fined $1,000, despite the loud and fervent protests of Colonel Ruppert, the proprietor of the Yankees. Now, the Colonel is trying to get a "commutation of sentence."

The Washington team isn't wholly satisfied, either, we gather. The Senators wanted Dickey barred until Reynolds is able to return to the diamond.

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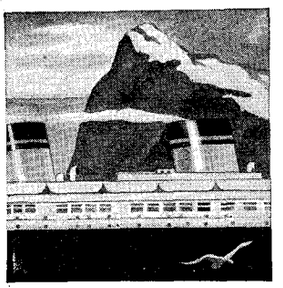

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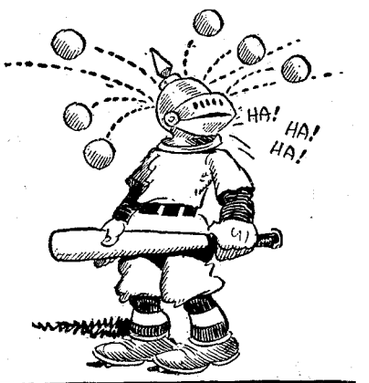
national game isn't getting just a bit too boisterous. The Dickey-Reynolds clash wasn't the first such event of the season. Writing in the New York *Evening Post* Fred Lieb recalls Umpire George Moriarty's long disability resulting from a "rumpus in Cleveland on Memorial Day in which he knocked out Milt Gaston, White Sox pitcher, and then was beaten and kicked in the head by other Chicago players. Moriarty," said Mr. Lieb just after the July 4 incident in Washington, "has not yet returned to active service. It is said he still is troubled with dizzy spells and a nervous breakdown, which followed the disorder."



Using the Old Bean Against the Bean Ball

—New York "World-Telegram."

Mr. Lieb next alludes to the Dickey-Reynolds case and continues:

Then Bill Jurges, a young Cub, born and raised in Brooklyn, becomes involved in a shooting scrape with a young woman. Not so long before that Bill was in the headlines as the result of a fist fight in Brooklyn in which Bill exchanged blows with Neal Finn.

Gudat of the Cubs and Vaughan, new Pirate short-stop, also had a fight.

On the Fourth of July Charley Moore, Skeeter manager, knocked out Al Mamaux of the Newarks.

There have been charges of "bean ball" throwing in both leagues, that is, balls deliberately thrown at the heads of the batsmen to drive them away from the plate or knock them to the ground.

"Dust 'em off," is the nice little way players and managers put it. The fact that Ray Chapman sacrificed his life to this practise did not end it. There is plenty of it still going on.

Players have been accused of deliberately trying to cut down others.

Buddy Myer, Washington infielder, went into Gehrig, spikes riding high, in that tumultuous Fourth of July double-header in the capital, even tho he appeared to be out, and there is little need in a baserunner's sliding to first. He ripped Lou's knickers, but the big first baseman escaped unharmed.

Shortly after John McGraw retired as manager of the Giants, I said he was the last link between baseball as it was played in the gay 'nineties and at present. I exempted Connie Mack, an older man than McGraw and longer in the game, but, then, Mack always was a peaceful character. As

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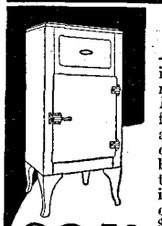

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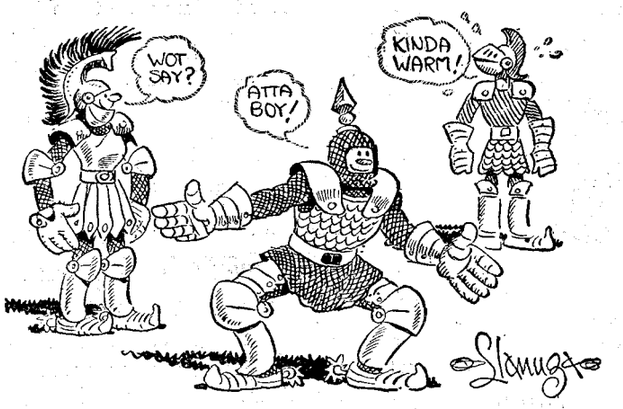
far back as I can recall, his teams did less umpire-baiting and were in fewer fights than any I can recall.

However, I apparently spoke too soon. We seem to be back in the baseball period of '95.

MAYBE it's the depression that's causing baseball to revert to type. Almost everything else has been blamed on the slump. Whether it's the case or not, Mr. Lieb explains interestingly how economics might incite ball players to violence. Thus:

These are unsettled times. People are wrought by their many troubles.



The Modern Million-Dollar Infield

—New York "World-Telegram."

Nerves are frayed and near the snapping point.

We see it in politics and other fields of human endeavor; in fact, almost everywhere but in the prize-ring.

Baseball no doubt will right itself, just as everything will, if you give it time. The penalties inflicted on Gaston, Fonseca, Dickey, and others will deter future disorders.

While we need a certain amount of fight, hustle, and aggressiveness in baseball, I, for one, do not like to see the game go backward. Fights on the ball field bring good crowds the next time the teams involved meet, but in the long run they are bound to have a bad effect.

Baseball isn't a soft game; no game is where there is a certain amount of physical contact. So long as base-runners slide into bases and basemen take the catcher's throw there is bound to be scraping of shins. I've seen the shins of Wagner, Peck, Fletcher, and Maranville. They bore mute testimony to the many times they took cold steel to retire a base-runner. And they took it without flinching.

Catchers, too, will be bumped so long as they obstruct the way to the plate. Catchers actually sit on the plate, and there is nothing for the base-runner to do but try to dislodge them. A little chap like Ray Schalk did it for years and got away with it.

It seems to me the rules should be more explicit in stating the base-runner's right of way. Especially when the catcher merely is awaiting the ball.

However, the baseball play I detest more than any other is the so-called "bean-ball" throwing. It was discust recently at the National League's summer meeting and will come up at that of the American League.

Life in the Old Boys Yet

THIS is comeback year, it seems, among the brighter lights of the professional golf world.

First and foremost, of course, there's Gene Sarazen, who won both the British and United States Opens after being without a major title since 1922, when he won the U. S. Open and P. G. A., and 1923, when he repeated in the latter, as we are reminded by a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago by Francis J. Powers.

Then, Mr. Powers continues, Walter Hagen grabbed the Western Open "to win his first important championship inside the United States since 1927."

And finally, there's Light Horse Harry Cooper, who tied for the U. S. Open in 1927 (losing to Armour in the playoff), and who has now broken loose again with victory in the Canadian Open.

Cooper's Canadian victory at Ottawa was not much of a surprize, Mr. Powers remarks as he continues:

The Light Horse has been playing keen golf all summer.

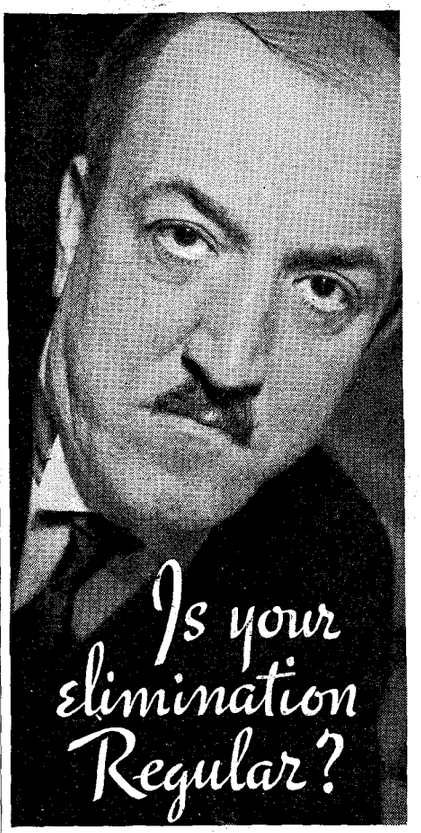
He tied for sixth place in the National at Fresh Meadow and for fourth in the Western at Canterbury. Harry began playing winning golf last winter when he took the Pasadena Open and finished well up in the money in numerous other events. He has been able to carry the same brand of play into the summer championships, but until he reached Ottawa always frittered away enough shots to fall short of victory.

A fidgety, nervous golfer, Cooper is one of the best shot makers among the journeymen. His short game undoubtedly was improved when an oculist fitted him with a pair of spectacles, and this summer his putts have been falling with something like regularity. His 290 was the highest winning score the Canadian has witnessed since 1925 when Leo Diegel took 295 to capture the Dominion cup, but Ottawa Hunt furnished the journeymen with stiffer competition than most courses on which the championship has been played.

The Canadian saw Al Watrous throw away a fine lead once more. Watrous had the championship well won until his collapse on the final round, and his collapse is rather unexplainable. Few golfers can manufacture more or better shots than Watrous, but he seems unable to win in big competition.

Ten years ago Watrous was one of our most promising golfers, but he never has recovered from the 1926 British Open at Lytham and St. Anne's when Bob Jones, with whom he was paired on the last round, beat him out by two strokes.

Had Watrous won in Britain that year he might have won many titles, for a victory at that time would have given him the fire needed to set his game ablaze.



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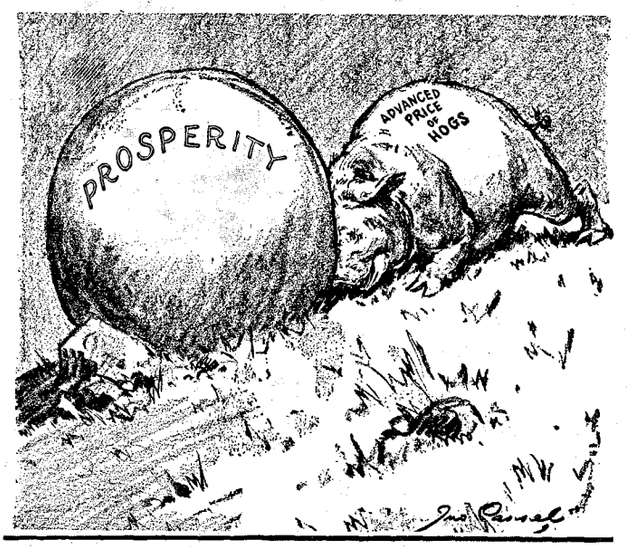
Hope in Hogs

"THE FARMER IS COMING BACK, riding on the hog."

The phrase is repeated again and again in editorials and in dispatches from Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines, and other cattle markets as hog prices have soared



Starting the Ball Rolling!
—Cassel in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

day after day for the last six weeks, with prices of cattle and various farm products following after.

"The farmers and live-stock producers have started back to prosperity," begins the writer of an Omaha dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. In Chicago, our greatest grain and meat market, bankers, packers, traders, and farm-paper editors agree, according to a United Press dispatch, that the 57 per cent. advance in swine, the 17 per cent. in cattle, and the lesser advances in grains during the last few weeks make up "some of the most cheerful news to come out of the Mid-West financial centers since the business slump began three years ago."

"If anything can pull the country out of the depression," President Charles A. Wilson of the Chicago Live Stock Exchange is quoted as saying in this dispatch, "it will be hog and cattle prices."

ALL over the country these sentiments are echoed. Just a few of the head-lines over editorials in representative newspapers reflect the feeling: "The Hog Stages a Rally," proclaims the Minneapolis *Tribune;* "The Hog Leads the Procession," soberly states the Louisville *Courier-Journal;* the New York *Herald Tribune* writes pæans about "The Golden Shote." The New York *Times* talks about "Grunting Through." And the Providence *Journal* cries out in encouragement, "Pull, Porker, Pull."

"What may or may not be the dawn's early light is flashed on the American economic scene by the humble hog," says the New York *Daily News* in an editorial illustrated by a picture of a plump porker with the caption, "Can this be the leader we have been looking for?"

Comes the question from B. C. Forbes of the New York *American:*

If pigs can rebound so swiftly and sharply, is it not within the range of possibility that stocks, commodities, raw materials, and other things now selling at absurdly low figures may also perform a sudden about-face?

Noting the way hog prices advanced consistently for a month, Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, reflects:

While that is but one branch of the agricultural industry, and not the most important one at that, it may constitute the leak in the dam that has been holding back the long-awaited revival. Moreover, cattle prices have been on the mend also, as well as cotton and some other farm products.

Certainly, fundamental conditions should be right to take advantage of any sound improvement and foster it to the fullest extent. Credit is being made available all the time in larger amounts; inventories of all business institutions are low; the supply of necessities in the hands of the general public is small; liquidation has been carried to an extreme degree, and the people are in a chastened mood, ready and willing to use their best efforts to help rebuild the country.

Considerable water has flowed over the dam since those days back in 1929 when the country stood on the edge of a financial volcano without knowing it. Loans running into the billions have been repaid; inflated values have been thoroughly deflated all all along the line; our banks have been put to a test of fire; our gold reserves have stood a most severe strain, and last week the troublesome problem of reparations was solved.

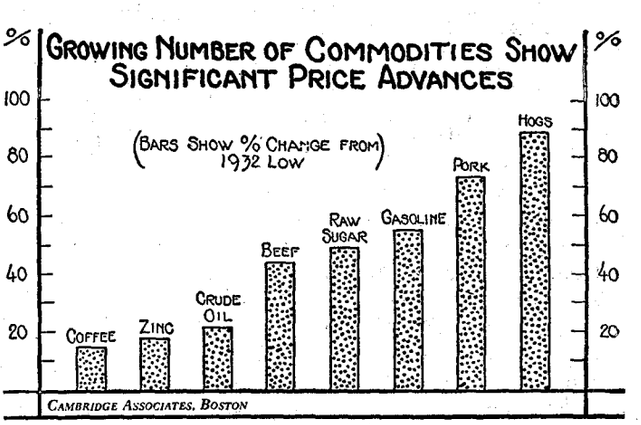
One by one, it seems, the outstanding drawbacks to a recovery in trade have been corrected. The opinion is held in many quarters that fundamental conditions are now ready for an about-face in business just as soon as the necessary impetus is provided to start the wheels in motion. This impetus may come from some unexpected quarter, but Wall Street would not be surprized if it arises from the sod, where so many important economic changes have originated in the past.

A NUMBER of important commodity prices are now well up above their 1932 lows, note the Cambridge Associates of Boston in connection with the chart reproduced below. This, we are told, would seem to indicate "that at least three important population groups in the United States and two outside have placed their house in order and have begun their climb toward better profits." These first decisive upturns, we read on, "will be followed with great interest to see whether they are merely fluctuations or symptoms of a fundamental change in underlying conditions."

Of course, says the New York *Journal of Commerce* cautiously—

It is very difficult to judge whether the latest tendency toward stabilization of the wholesale price level will prove to be the final turning-point in view of continued uncertainties in the business and political situations, but it is probable that any further declines will be more moderate than those of the past three years.

And in order to cover the whole range of opinion, we might note the rather pessimistic remark of the Brookmire Economic Service that "the hog situation holds little prospect of other than



temporary periods of strength; seasonal price rise this summer should be short lived."

Let us turn to another dispatch from Chicago for more opinion in the great meat-packing center. According to a New York *Times* dispatch dated July 9:

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About three months ago the hog-growing industry was in the doldrums. The droves of the shippers were marketed at $3 a hundred and under, and predictions were made that there would be further declines.

To-day hogs are selling up to $5 a hundred for selected animals, the highest prices since October 23, 1931, and $2.20 above the low on May 28.

Hence the live-stock markets are holding the attention of the business world, and leaders in all industries are watching the phenomenal recovery with growing hope. In the face of many adverse factors and depressing news, live-stock prices keep forging ahead.

When prices were lowest, early in the spring, no one, apparently, wanted cattle, hogs, or sheep. Farmers were broke, or so nearly so that they were almost panicky in trying to sell their live stock to pay rent, mortgages, and other expenses. It was said to be one of the best clean-outs that the industry has known in years.

Packers had their cellars full of chilled and frozen meats, and complained about their inability to find buyers. For weeks they refused to buy, except an occasional load of steers, hogs, or lambs. The business depression, it was said, had left the majority of the consumers unable to buy meats.

Suddenly it was discovered that the liquidation from the farms had run its course. Now the packers' coolers are virtually empty, and they are forced to pay the highest prices in years.

The rise in the price of hogs and cattle is "justified by the economic facts," declares Secretary of Agriculture Hyde. A Department of Agriculture report shows that the number of young pigs on our farms has declined by 7 per cent. since 1931.

In Kansas City, a Consolidated Press correspondent sees the possibility of a turning-point for the live-stock interest—"the experience is that when one product begins an upturn it affects the whole list, and, with the entire producing country having neglected expansion in live stock for two years, the situation holds possibilities for development and an entrance on farm undertakings with greater courage."

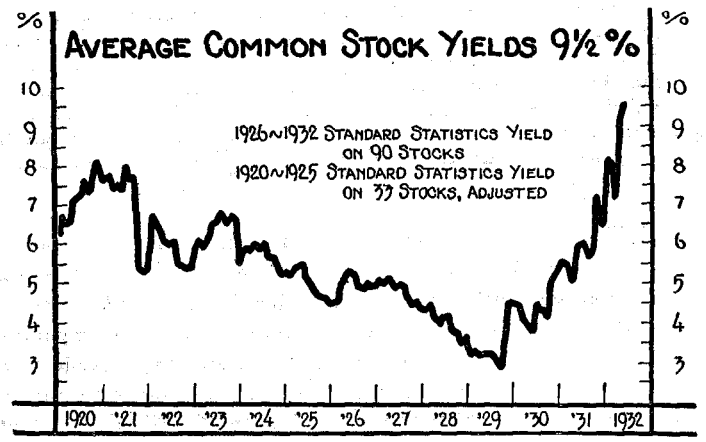
Perhaps "the price of hogs may be a vital factor in the choice of a President, just as in years past the price of wheat was considered the barometer of political sentiment in doubtful agricultural States," writes Owen L. Scott from Chicago for the Consolidated Press. The corn-belt voters are an important factor in the gathering of electoral votes, "and in the corn belt right now, hogs and steers are doing their best to lend cheer to the party in power." And the point is made that:

Those gains are made when corn is cheap, providing the prospect for real profit to the producer of corn-belt live stock. There also is the likelihood of a huge 1932 corn crop, with estimates averaging over three billion bushels, seeming to assure a continuance of cheap and plentiful feed.

Stock Yields the Highest Ever

At present prices the yields on common stocks are at the highest recorded level.

The Cambridge Associates of Boston present a chart, herewith reprinted, showing that at the mid-year of 1932 the average return of a group of ninety representative common stocks is over 9½ per cent. This is higher than the 8.37 per cent. high made in 1921, which in turn is higher than the previous record of 8.59 per cent. of December, 1917.



Cambridge Associates, Boston

Of course, the point is that stock prices have been going down relatively faster than dividends have been cut or omitted. As the Cambridge Associates point out:

Dividends lag behind business.

The peak of payments was reached, not during 1929, when business reached its high point of the last ten years, but in 1930, the first full year of depression. Even to-day, after an epidemic of lowered payments on equities, the total monthly distributions are approximately equal to 1928.

The real surprize of the figures on dividends is not so much the fact that they have declined since 1930, but the extent to which they have held up. It is this stability, concealed beneath reductions of prominent corporations, that makes possible such a high rate of income as can be obtained in the open market to-day.

Just as the average yield on these ninety diversified stocks reached a new low point of 2.92 per cent. during September, 1929, the opposite extreme has now been approximated at 9½ per cent.

Playing a Long Shot.—A bookmaker, who was ill, sent his small son to tell a certain doctor to call. A different physician having arrived, the bookmaker afterward asked his son to explain.

"Well, you see, dad," he said, "there were a lot of brass plates on the doors, and when I got to the number you gave me I saw 'Consultations, 11 to 12.' The chap next door was offering 'Consultations, 10 to 1'; so I knew you'd like the one that gave you the best odds."—*Ireland's Own.*

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The 'Frisco Plan to Avoid Receiverships

MANY OF OUR RAILROADS are overburdened with fixt charges. Can they adjust these burdens to present conditions without all the expense, delay, and unfavorable publicity attendant upon receiverships?

The question will be answered this summer, financial writers agree, by the success or failure of the plan of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway to readjust its capital set-up without actual receivership.

The plan, it will be remembered, was called for by the Interstate Commerce Commission, when the 'Frisco applied for a Reconstruction Finance loan. The Commission said that the road was "overcapitalized and, more, "the proportion of bonds to capital stock is excessive." "We do not believe," continued the Commission, "that this carrier can operate successfully in the future without a reduction of its fixt charges."

The road has now presented its plan, the Commission has approved the R. F. C. loan, and the prospect of receivership fades. The plan, which is still to be approved by the bondholders, cuts down fixt charges for the next few years from $13,700,000 to $3,500.000. The New York *Journal of Commerce* calls it "the most thoroughgoing arrangement of its kind ever attempted without receivership." The scheme is extremely complicated, but according to the New York paper—

In essence, the plan provides for a five-year moratorium on the bulk of the bonded debt of the company, with a partial moratorium for an additional five years. Earnings are to be utilized first for capital expenditures, with additional income going, in the main, to repurchase of bonds and interest certificates issued under the plan. Bondholders affected by the plan will receive preferred and common stock aggregating over 23 per cent. of the total preferred and 26 per cent. of the common outstanding.

The chart appearing in our June 4 issue showing depression and prosperity periods and price fluctuations for the past one hundred years, has been enlarged and reproduced on heavy paper and will be sent to interested readers on receipt of five cents in stamps.

As the managers of the railroad announced, "unless there is prompt and practically unanimous assent to the plan on the part of the affected security holders, the railway company will have no alternative but to consent to the appointment of receivers." Several large institutional holders of various 'Frisco securities have indicated that they will deposit their securities as requested by the road.

The only alternative to an extension of the idea to other roads is an era of receiverships, writes Charles F. Speare for the Consolidated Press—

It is doubtful if the Interstate Commerce Commission will continue to approve loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to carriers that are getting deeper and deeper into debt and already have received substantial help from the government agency. Therefore, the success of the 'Frisco proposal would establish a basis for treatment of other involved situations.

It may be said that a considerable body of holders of the junior bonds of railroads have now accepted the realities of the transportation situation, and are willing to make concessions to it in order to preserve the greatest amount of value for its securities.

However, bondholders are not in complete agreement as to which of the several processes it is most expedient or wise to follow. It is realized that the institutional holdings of junior railroad bonds are heavy, and that receiverships and reorganizations would be serious to them and to their constituencies.

The other point of view is that, where the capital structure of a road has been notoriously out of balance, no permanent good is effected by maintaining this discrepancy between bonds and stocks even through an extended period of deferred interest charges.

The 'Frisco arrangement makes a good impression in Wall Street, according to a New York *Times* market writer; the results of the negotiations between the Commission and the railroad "are held to augur well for the future of the railroads."

But *The Wall Street Journal* is not so certain. The plan, it observes, calls on the majority of the bondholders virtually to surrender five years' cash interest payments and to subordinate their liens on the property to a new mortgage securing the R. F. C. and bank loans. It continues:

How many bondholders will agree to such treatment and whether dissenters can contrive to throw the property into the bankruptcy courts can hardly be determined for weeks and probably months to come. The Commission should have known that it was proposing to keep an important railroad system on the ragged edge of bankruptcy all summer.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission policy set forth in the 'Frisco case "gives new importance to proper balance in railroad capitalizations," writes George H. Diamond in *The Financial World:*

Even where the financial condition of a railroad is strong, the leverage factor in its capitalization is a matter of great importance in times of small traffic and reduced gross income If bonds constitute a high percentage of total capitalization, bond interest requirements will consume an increasingly large percentage of gross as revenues fall, and the earnings applicable to the preferred and common stocks will drop much more rapidly, on a percentage basis, than gross revenues. Thus a capitalization of this type, which produces large earnings per share of common stock during times of prosperity, proves to be a boomerang in an era of depression.

THE ideal railroad capitalization, in this writer's opinion, is about 50 per cent. bonds and 50 per cent. stock. A table is then presented showing the percentage of capitalization represented by bonds, preferred and common stock, in the case of a number of leading railroads. This is the table appearing in *The Financial World:*

Railroad	*Bonds* Per Cent.	*Preferred* Per Cent.	*Common* Per Cent.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé	46	18	36
Atlantic Coast Line	65	0.5	34.5
Baltimore & Ohio	65	6	29
Bangor & Aroostook	62	13	25
Boston & Maine	56	27	17
Chesapeake & Ohio	54	*	46
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	56	0	44
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	44	27	29
Chicago Great Western	32	34	34
Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville	67	22	11
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific	65	16	18
Chicago & North Western	70	4	26
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	71	12	17
Delaware & Hudson	68	0	32
Denver & Rio Grande Western	60	8	32
Erie	55	13	32
Great Northern	59	33	38
Gulf, Mobile & Northern	29	33	38
Illinois Central	70	4	26
Kansas City Southern	56	18	26
Lehigh Valley	60	*	40
Louisville & Nashville	67	0	33
Maine Central	59	7	34
Minneapolis, St. Paul & S. S. Marie	72	9	19
Missouri-Kansas-Texas	44	28	28
Missouri Pacific	72	13	15
New York Central	57	0	43
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	68	17	15
New York, New Haven & Hartford	55	10	35
New York, Ontario & Western	34	*	66
Norfolk Southern	50	0	50
Norfolk & Western	38	9	53
Northern Pacific	56	9	44
Pennsylvania R. R.	47	0	53
Pere Marquette	51	17	32
Pittsburgh & West Virginia	33	0	67
Reading	49	25.5	25.5
St. Louis-San Francisco	72	12	16
St. Louis Southwestern	64	20	16
Southern Pacific	52	0	48
Southern Railway	60	13	27
Union Pacific	53	14	33
Virginian	53	*0	47
Western Maryland	46	17	37
Western Pacific	42	22	36
Wheeling & Lake Erie	27	29	44

*Less than ½ of 1 per cent. of total capitalization.

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for JULY 23, 1932

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Or a Wee Puff of Sawdust.—And many a man of Presidential timber turns out to be but another splinter.—*Judge.*

Domestic Treasure.—WIFE.—"How do you like the potato salad, dear?"

HUB—"Delicious! Did you buy it yourself?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Slow Service.—PETER (saying his prayers)—"And please make Cyril give up throwing stones at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before."—*Humorist.*

Multum in Parvo in Excelsis.—SOAP-BOX ORATOR (winding up his speech)—"An' that, lidies and gentlemen, is the 'ole kettle o' fish in a nutshell."—*Boston Transcript.*

Quick Turnover.—"Have you any abandoned farms for sale?"

REAL-ESTATE AGENT—"I will have one in about two weeks that I just sold to Jones!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

All as Clear as Daylight.—LADY—"How could you find the penny I gave you so quickly?"

BEGGAR—"I am not the blind man. I am just sitting here while he has gone to the cinema."—*Lustige Kolner Zeitung.*

The Worse the Better?—"Daughter," said her dad, "there are worse places than home to spend an evening."

"Don't I know it," retorted his modern daughter, "and Bob and I are going to visit a number of them to-night."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

On the Level.—Winning-Fortune—At St. Mary's Cathedral, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, on 21st May, 1932, by the Rev. W. D. Cooper, M. A., B. D., John, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winning, Correi, Cults, Aberdeen, to Nancy Elizabeth Marshall, only daughter of Allan Fortune, Esq., J. P., Portsoy, and the late Mrs. Fortune.—*Ad in The Scotsman (Edinburgh).*

Smiles and Sinkers.—

Myrtilla's eyes are blue and bright,
And mischief in them lies.
Her wavy hair is crisp and light,
But not so are her pies.
—*Judge.*

She makes a picture, day by day,
That fairly turns my head.
She also—this I grieve to say—
Makes ferro-concrete bread.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Her eyes are soft and limpid
As the blue Italian lakes,
And on their sandy bottoms
Belong the cakes she bakes.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Digging In.—"Has the jury asked for further instructions?"

"No, your honor. They ask for a deck of cards."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Ducking Destiny.—"Pop, will I look like you when I grow up?"

"Everybody seems to think so, son."

"Well, I won't have to grow up for a long time, will I, Pop?"—*Capper's Weekly.*

"The Heart Hath Its Own Memory."—SHE (back from a honeymoon in Switzerland)—"Don't you remember that wonderful gorge in the Alps, dear?"

HE—"Sure do; it was the squarest meal I got there."—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Short-sighted lady—"These lovers are shameless."
—"Der Lustige Sachse" (Leipzig).

Serpent's Tongue.—"My wife is prolonging her visit. I need her at home, but it seems useless to write suggesting that she return."

"Get one of the neighbors to suggest it, my boy."—*The Pathfinder.*

Munchausen at the Tee.—From Goderich comes the story about a golfer who made a hole in one on his first drive of the season. Another player in Texas drove his ball seventy-five yards into the hip pocket of a passer-by. Still another slammed his sphere into a passing airplane and it came down ninety miles away. Yes, the golf-story season seems to have opened.—*London Advertiser.*

Quite English Y'Know!—A "doggy" lady met a friend who propounded this riddle. "What do you see when you look down a dog's throat?" The lady could not guess, and was amused by the answer, which is "The seat of his pants."

So on her return home she asked her husband, "What do you see when you look down a dog's throat?"

Her husband confessed bafflement.

"Why," said the lady between gusts of laughter, "the seat of his trousers, you silly."—*Boston Globe.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Speaking of That Budget.—Two flies can produce in one summer a family totaling $5,600,000,000,000.—*Waltham News-Tribune.*

Big Round-Up.—Mrs. Dolly Gann, Mr. Curtis's sister, newly arrived at the Palmer House with 12 pieces of baggage and her husband.—*Boston Herald.*

Beat the Drum.—
TWO BANKS CLOSE;
CONDITIONS IMPROVE
—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Save the China Shop!—In the meantime steps were being taken on Capitol Hill to speed up the final decision on the bonus bull.—*New York Times.*

Sometimes, in the Small Hours.—9. Song of the Vulgar Boatman, Russian.—*Program of a Keene (N. H.) High School Concert.*

Strong Meat.—
——READY——
Force
Fried Fish with Lemon
American Hashed with Bacon
—*Breakfast menu, on a Japanese liner.*

Poems Were Evidently Returned.—Educated, pure young Japanese poet seeks position as journalistic worker, window cleaner, tutor, housekeeper or schoolboy.—*Japan Advertiser (Tokyo).*

Waiting for "Next!"—Alfred E. Smith, his head still unmowed, by common consent the symbol of what now appears the minority, perforce plays a waiting game.—*Providence Bulletin.*

All We Know Is What We Read in the Papers.—Governor B—— was scheduled to address the convention at the evening meeting beginning with a barbecue supper at 7 o'clock. He was to be intoxicated by Tom B. P——.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Big Tease.—It was the singing of "My Faith in You" by the 250-pound Hutton that led Mrs. St. Pierre to accept his love, she told the jury.

Occasionally, as the nurse told of his wooing, he turned to newspapermen to whisper: "Bunk, all bunk."

Mrs. Hutton tpbPda|TSESESESES.—*Troy paper.*

Inland Voyage.—When he reached San Francisco, it suddenly occurred to him that he had neglected to visit one of the ports of call named in the sailing orders he had issued to himself. So what did Cap'n Ed do but turn back on his tracks and steer southeastward for the Hawaiian Islands!—*The Literary Digest—put on the spot by its own scouts.*

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